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Harcourt-Skrine.

LEGENDS OF THE ISLES, &c.

**EDINBURGH, PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND HUGHES,
PAUL'S WALK, CANONGATE.**

LEGENDS OF THE ISLES

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHARLES MACKAY,

AUTHOR OF "EGERIA," "THE SALAMANDRINE," "VOICES FROM THE CROWD,"

&c. &c.

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LOAN STACK

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P R E F A C E.

THE Poems that give name to the following collection embody or illustrate a few of the legends connected with the beautiful scenery of the Western Highlands of Scotland, and were written after visits to the magnificent shores of the Hebridean Isles between the years 1842 and 1845, and after pedestrian and other excursions on the banks of the lakes that stretch from Fort-William to Inverness. The whole district is one uninterrupted succession of grandeur and beauty. The Legends recorded in connection with these scenes, tend largely to increase the enjoyment of the traveller. Having derived additional gratification from the beauties of nature whenever he knew that a lovely spot had been the scene of some affecting legend of past times, or that it had inspired any writer to express his sentiments of admiration in memorable language; the Author, finding these shores to a great extent new ground in literature, endeavoured to record,

as well as he might, the romantic histories connected with them. He loved the task for its own own sake ; but he loved it none the less for the hope excited by it, that his name might sometimes be remembered by the devout and enthusiastic lover of nature in these great temples, where sea and mountain, lake and waterfall, ever chant, like the planets,—

“The hand that made us is divine.”

London, March, 1851.

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LEGENDS OF THE ISLES,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL.

I.

" My strength is failing fast,"
Said the Sea-king to his men ;—
" I shall never sail the seas
Like a conqueror, again.

But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh, raise me from the bed ;—
Put the crown upon my head ;—
Put my good sword in my hand ;
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides

Steadily ;

If I cannot end my life
In the bloody battle strife,
Let me die as I have lived,

On the sea."

II.

They have raised King Balder up,
Put his crown upon his head,
They have sheath'd his limbs in mail
And the purple o'er him spread ;
And amid the greeting rude
Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore—
All the energy of yore
From his dim eye flashing forth—
Old sea-lion of the North ;—
As he look'd upon his ship
Riding free,
And on his forehead pale
Felt the cold refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound
Of the sea.

III.

“ Hurra ! for mighty Balder !
As he lived, so he will die !
Hurra ! hurra ! for Balder ! ”
Said the crowd as he went by.
“ He will perish on the wave
Like the old Vikinger brave ;
And in high Valhalla's halls
Hold eternal festivals ;

And drink the blood-red draught
None but heroes ever quaff'd,
With Odin and the spirits
Of the free.
In the fire, or in the wreck,
He will die upon his deck,
And be buried like a monarch
Of the sea."

IV.

Old Balder heard their shouts
As they bore him to the beach ;
And his fading eye grew bright
With the eloquence of speech,
As he heard the mighty roar
Of the people on the shore,
And the trumpets pealing round
With a bold triumphal sound,
And saw the flags afar
Of a hundred ships of war,
That were riding in the harbour
Gallantly.
And said Balder to his men,
And his pale cheek flush'd again—
" I have lived, and I will die
On the sea."

V.

They have borne him to the ship
With a slow and solemn tread ;
They have placed him on the deck
With his crown upon his head,
Where he sat as on a throne ;
And have left him there alone,
With his anchor ready weigh'd,
And the snowy sails display'd
To the favouring wind, once more
Blowing freshly from the shore ;
And have bidden him farewell
Tenderly,
Saying, " King of mighty men,
We shall meet thee yet again,
In Valhalla, with the monarchs
Of the sea."

VI.

Underneath him in the hold
They had placed the lighted brand ;
And the fire was burning slow
As the vessel from the land,
Like a stag-hound from the slips,
Darted forth from out the ships ;—
There was music in her sail
As it swell'd before the gale,

And a dashing at her prow
As it cleft the waves below,
And the good ship sped along,
Scudding free,
As on many a battle morn
In her time she had been borne,
To struggle, and to conquer
On the sea.

VII.

And the King with sudden strength
Started up, and paced the deck,
With his good sword for his staff,
And his robes around his neck ;—
Once alone, he waved his hand
To the people on the land ;—
And with shout and joyous cry
Once again they made reply,
Till the loud exulting cheer
Sounded faintly on his ear ;
For the gale was o'er him blowing
Fresh and free ;
And ere yet an hour had past
He was driven before the blast,
And a storm was on his path,
On the sea.

VIII.

And still upon the deck—

While the storm about him rent,
King Balder paced about

Till his failing strength was spent.
Then he stopp'd awhile to rest—
Cross'd his hands upon his breast,
And look'd upwards to the sky,
With a dim but dauntless eye ;
And heard the tall mast creak,
And the fitful tempest speak
Shrill and fierce, to the billows

Rushing free,

And within himself he said,
“ I am coming, oh, ye dead !
To join you in Valhalla,

O'er the sea.

IX.

“ So blow, ye tempests—blow,
And my spirit shall not quail ;—
I have fought with many a foe ;—
I have weather'd many a gale ;—
And in this hour of death
Ere I yield my fleeting breath—
Ere the fire now burning slow
Shall come rushing from below,

And this worn and wasted frame
Be devoted to the flame—
I will raise my voice in triumph,
Singing free;—
To the great All-father's home,
I am driving through the foam,
I am sailing to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

X.

“ So blow, ye stormy winds—
And ye flames ascend on high;—
In the easy, idle bed,
Let the slave and coward die!
But give me the driving keel,
Clang of shields and flashing steel ;—
Or my foot on foreign ground
With my enemies around !
Happy ! happy, thus I’d yield
On the deck or in the field
My last breath, shouting on,
‘ To Victory !’
But since *this* has been denied,
They shall say that I have died,
Without flinching, like a monarch
Of the sea.”

XI.

And Balder spake no more,
For his strength began to fail,—
But he look'd upon the sky
As he heard the tempest wail.
To the storm the tall mast bent,
And the sails to shreds were rent ;
When from hold and cabin, quick
Rush'd the smoke out, curling thick,
Creeping up amid the shrouds,
Black as wreaths of autumn clouds,
When the lightning from their bosoms
Flashes free ;
And the dancing waves upsprung,
And a lurid radiance flung
On the sky, and on the waters
Of the sea.

XII.

And Balder moved no limb,
And no sound escaped his lip ;—
And he look'd, yet scarcely saw
The destruction of his ship ;
Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
Nor the glare upon the sky ;—
Scarcely heard the billows dash,
Nor the burning timber crash ;—

Scarcely felt the scorching heat
That was gathering at his feet,
Nor the fierce flames mounting o'er him
Greedily.

But the life was in him yet,
And the courage to forget
All his pain, in his triumph
On the sea.

XIII.

Once alone a cry arose,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet
With the flames on every side.
“ I am coming ! ” said the King,
“ Where the swords and bucklers ring—
Where the warrior lives again
With the souls of mighty men—
Where the weary find repose,
And the red wine ever flows ;—
I am coming, great All-father,
Unto Thee !
Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong true hearts of yore—
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.”

XIV.

Red and fierce upon the sky
Until midnight shone the glare,
And the burning ship drove on
Like a meteor of the air.
She was driven and hurried past,
'Mid the roaring of the blast.
And of Balder, warrior born,
Naught remain'd at break of morn,
On the charr'd and blacken'd hull,
But some ashes and a skull ;
And still the vessel drifted
Heavily.

With a pale and hazy light
Until far into the night,
When the storm had spent its rage,
On the sea.

XV.

Then the ocean ceased her strife
With the wild winds, lull'd to rest,
And a full, round, placid moon
Shed a halo on her breast ;—
And the burning ship still lay
On the deep sea, far away ;—

From her ribs of solid oak,
Pouring forth the flame and smoke ;—
Until burnt through all her bulk,
To the water's edge, the hulk
Down a thousand fathoms sank
Suddenly,
With a low and sullen sound ;—
While the billows sang around
Sad requiems for the Monarch
Of the sea.

ST COLUMBA,
OR
THE COUNTING OF THE ISLES.

I.

HUSH'D were the winds, and not a breath
Disturb'd the peaceful sea,
And even to Staffa's echoing caves
The large, uneasy, western waves
Came beating quietly.
Starless and moonless was the night,
And on the waters lay,
Like silence palpable to sight,
Thick wreaths of vapour gray.

II.

Far in the west, 'mid rain and mist
Upon the deep afloat,
Without an oar, without a sail,
Came down a little boat.
Amid the mazes of the isles,
By hands unseen, propell'd,
By frowning scour, through whirlpool roar,
Its noiseless way it held,
Like a shadow gliding, dark and slow,
Unweeting how the winds might blow.

III.

And at the stern, with downcast eyes,
And hands upon his breast,
There sat the figure of a man,
Serene, like one possess'd
With peaceful thoughts, that quite absorb'd
All faculties combined,
So that his sight, to left nor right,
Ne'er wander'd from his mind,
Nor his ear heard the murmur low
Of waters cleaving at the prow.

IV.

Down through the seas, where Lewis afar
The dim horizon streaks ;

By Skye, where lordly Cuillens rear
 Their high fantastic peaks ;
By Ronan and her sister isle ;
 By Coll and green Tiree ;
And by the giant crags of Mull
 That frown upon the sea ;
By Ulva's isle, and Fingal's cave,
Palace and wonder of the wave ;—

V.

Still on—still on—till morning dawn
 The boat pursued its way ;
Still on—still on—till night again,
 Through sleet and vapour gray,
It held its course amid the Isles,
 Nor stopp'd by night or day ;
And still the figure, heeding naught,
Sat silent, gather'd in his thought.

VI.

Behind the boat, the waters shone
 With phosphorescent light—
Slow from the keel, like glancing steel,
 The waves fell off, all night.
At length, far looming through the mist
 That now from heaven upclear'd,
Iona, sepulchre of kings,
 The holy isle, appear'd—

The Culdee's bower, the place of graves,
The fair green "island of the waves."

VII.

The moon, new risen, look'd forth from heaven,
And purpled every height,
And waves upheaved their silvery sides,
Rejoicing in the light—
And mountain-tops with radiance touch'd,
Look'd placidly below,
As onwards to Iona's isle
The boat went gliding slow ;
And the lone traveller stepp'd on shore,
Leaning upon the staff he bore.

VIII.

A long loose mantle wrapp'd his limbs,
A cowl conceal'd his head ;
And meek yet lordly was his look,
And solemn was his tread.
And lo—to meet him on the beach,
A pale and shadowy band,
Barefoot—bareheaded—holding each
A taper in his hand,
Came in long line, from Oran's shrine,
And gather'd on the strand.

The traveller pass'd.—To him all eyes
Turn'd reverent as he trod,
And whispering voices, each to each,
Proclaim'd the man of God—
Columba, in his ancient place,
Radiant with glory and with grace.

XIV.

Back fell his cowl—his mantle dropp'd,
And in a stream of light,
A halo round his aged head,
And robed in dazzling white—
The saint with smiles of heavenly love
Stretch'd forth his hands to pray,
And kings and thanes, and monks and jarls,
Knelt down in their array,
Silent, with pallid lips compress'd,
And hands cross'd humbly on their breast.

XV.

He craved a blessing on the Isles,
And named them, one by one—
Fair western isles that love the glow
Of the departing sun.—
From Arran looming in the south,
To northern Orcades,
Then to Iona back again,
Through all those perilous seas,

Three nights and days, the saint had sail'd
To count the Hebrides.

XVI.

He loved them for Iona's sake,
The isle of prayer and praise,
Where Truth and Knowledge found a home
When fallen on evil days.
And now he bless'd them, each and all,
And pray'd that evermore,
Plenty and Peace, and Christian love,
Might smile on every shore,
And that their mountain glens might be
The abiding-places of the free.

XVII.

Then, as he ceased, kings, abbots, earls,
And all the shadowy train,
Rose from their knees, and choral songs
Re-echo'd loud again—
And then were hush'd—the lights burn'd dim,
And ere the dawn of day,
The saint and all the ghostly choir
Dissolved in mist away:
Aërial voices sounding still
Sweet harmonies from Duni's hill.

XVIII.

And every year Columba makes,
While yet the summer smiles,
Alone, within his spectral boat,
The circuit of the isles ;—
And monks and abbots, thanes and kings,
From vault and charnel start,
Disburied, in the rite to bear
Their dim, allotted part,
And crave, upon their bended knees
A blessing on the Hebrides.

THE DANCE OF BALLOCHROY.

I.

“ IF e'er you woo'd a loving maid,
And having won her, you betray'd,
Beware, Lord Edward, thoughtless boy,
Nor pass the hills of Ballochroy.

II.

“ For there, 'tis said, the livelong nights,
The sward is trod by elves and sprites,
And shadowy forms of maids departed,
And ghosts of women broken-hearted.

III.

“ And aye they dance a mystic round
Upon these knolls of haunted ground,
And sing sweet airs till break of day,
To lure the traveller from his way.

IV.

“ Though if your soul from guilt be clear,
Ride boldly on—you need not fear ;
For pleasant sounds, and sights of joy,
Shall hem you round on Ballochroy.

V.

“ But if you’ve brought a maid to death
By guileful words and breach of faith,
Shut ear and eye, nor look behind,
Nor hear their voices on the wind.

VI.

“ They’ll seek your senses to entrance—
They’ll woo you to their airy dance ;
And press, with winning smiles and quips,
Their melting kisses to your lips.

VII.

“ And every kiss shall be a dart,
That through your lips shall pierce your heart ;
For short the life, and short the joy,
Of those who dance on Ballochroy.”

VIII.

Lord Edward laugh’d his words to scorn—
“ I must be wed to-morrow morn ;
Your idle tale I may not hear ;
I cannot linger from my dear !”

IX.

He gave the reins to his dapple gray,
And o'er the mountain rode away ;
And the old man sigh'd, "I wish him joy
" On the haunted hills of Ballochroy !"

X.

And three miles west, and three miles north,
Over the moorland went he forth,
And thought of his bonny blushing May,
The fairest maid of Oronsay.

XI.

And he thought of a lady dead and gone—
Of Ellen, under the kirkyard stone;
And then he whistled a hunting song
To drown remembrance of a wrong.

XII.

But still it came. "Alas !" thought he,
"I fear she died for love of me :
Soft be her sleep in the fresh green sod—
I trust her spirit is with her God !

XIII.

"But to-morrow is my bridal day
With the bonnie Bell of Oronsay ;
From her no fate my soul shall sever,
So let the past be past for ever !"

B

XIV.

And still he whistled his hunting tune,
Till high in the heavens arose the moon,
And had no thought but of future joy,
Till he came to the hills of Ballochroy.

XV.

And there, beneath a birken-tree,
He found a lady fair to see,
With eyes that might the stars eclipse,
And a smile upon her ripe red lips.

XVI.

Her garments seem'd of azure bright,
Her dainty hands were rosy white,
And her golden hair, so long and sleek,
Fell clustering o'er each glowing cheek.

XVII.

He gazed upon this bonnie May,
Fairer than Bell of Oronsay,
Fairer than Ellen, dead and gone,
Or any maid the sun shone on.

XVIII.

"Oh, lady dear! the night is chill,
The dews are damp upon the hill,
A fitful wind begins to moan—
What brings thee here so late alone?"

XIX.

The lady blush'd, and on her tongue—
Timid—the faltering answer hung—
“I have come for thee, dear lord,” she said,
And on his arm her hand she laid.

XX.

“For I have loved thee long and well,
More than a maiden ought to tell,
And I sit beneath this birken-tree
To pass one hour of love with thee.”

XXI.

He sprang from his steed of dapple gray,
And at the lady's feet he lay,
Her lily hand in his he press'd,
And lean'd his head upon her breast.

XXII.

Her long fair tresses o'er him hung
As round his neck her arm she flung;
Her beauty charm'd both touch and sight—
His pulse beat quicker with delight:—

XXIII.

“Oh, lady dear! these eyes of mine
Never saw beauty like to thine!
Those loving lips, oh, let me kiss!
Never was rapture like to this!”

XXIV.

She smiled upon him as he spoke,
And on his ear these accents broke ;
“ Deep was the love for thee I bore—
Thou shalt be mine for evermore.

XXV.

“ Come to my bower—’tis fair to see,
And all prepared, dear lord, for thee ;
Come ! ” and such smiles her face suffused,
He had been stone had he refused.

XXVI.

His heart was full—his reeling brain
Felt the sharp pleasure prick like pain ;
And his eyes grew dim with love and joy,
Upon the hills of Ballochroy.

XXVII.

On every side,—above—below—
He heard a strain of music flow,
Dying in murmurs on his ear,
Gentle and plaintive, soft and clear.

XXVIII.

Anon a bolder voice it took,
Till all the air with music shook—
A full, inspiring, martial strain,
Heaving like waves upon the main.

XXIX.

Amid the tangling flowers and grass
Its fitful echoes seem'd to pass ;
And then it sank, and sweet and slow
Mingled the notes of joy and woe.

XXX.

Then changed again—A jocund lay
Rose 'mid the tree-tops far away ;
And brisk and light, and tuned to pleasure,
Floated in air that merry measure.

XXXI.

And nearer as the rapture came,
He felt its power in all his frame ;
His pulse grew quick, his eyes grew bright,
His limbs grew supple with delight.

XXXII.

With throbbing heart and loving look,
The lady by the hand he took,
And as she smiled, her fairy feet
Moved to the measure, brisk and sweet.

XXXIII.

He would not, if he could, resist,
Her beauty wrapp'd him like a mist ;
And gliding with her, kind yet coy,
They danced the dance of Ballochroy.

XXXIV.

He clasp'd her round her dainty waist,
Their glowing hands were interlaced ;
And now they glided—now they flew—
And tripp'd in circles o'er the dew.

XXXV.

And still the music sounded high
The full free tide of harmony :—
Responsive still to every note
Their nimble footsteps seem'd to float.

XXXVI.

And now they bounded, now they tripp'd,
With panting pleasure, open-lipp'd,
And brisker, merrier, louder still
Sounded the music o'er the hill.

XXXVII.

Faint with the joy, he craved delay,
But no—his limbs refused to stay,
And danced impulsive to the sound,
And traced a circle on the ground.

XXXVIII.

There seem'd a film before his eyes—
He saw new shapes of beauty rise ;—
They seem'd to gather at the tune
Between him and the western moon.

XXXIX.

In robes of azure and of green,
Amber and white, and purple sheen—
A troop of maidens young and fair,
With sparkling eyes and flowing hair.

XL.

And as before his sight they pass'd,
Each maid seem'd lovelier than the last,
And smiled upon him as she came,
With looks of love and eyes of flame.

XLI.

Then smoothing back their tresses bright,
They join'd their fingers long and white,
And lightly shook their sparkling feet
To the glad measure as it beat.

XLII.

And as the fairy round they danced,
And now retreated, now advanced,
Their noiseless footsteps on the sod
Left a green circle, where they trod.

XLIII.

Like dragon-flies upon a stream,
Or motes upon a slanting beam,
They parted—met—retired—entwined—
Their loose robes waving in the wind.

XLIV.

Transparent as the network light
Spun by the gossamer at night,
Through ev'ry fold each rounded limb
Shone warm and beautiful, but dim.

XLV.

Dazzled and reeling with delight,
He turn'd away his aching sight,
Then fell exhausted in a swoon,
In the full radiance of the moon.

XLVI.

Not long endured his soul's eclipse ;
He felt warm kisses on his lips,
And heard a voice in accents clear
Breathe a soft whisper in his ear.

XLVII.

" Rise, my dear lord ! shake off this trance
And join my sisters in their dance ;
'Tis all to give thee joy they play ;
My hand shall guide thee—come away !"

XLVIII.

He rose ; her bright eyes brighter shone,
Raining kind looks to cheer him on ;
While the celestial music still
Roll'd its glad echoes o'er the hill.

XLIX.

And once again the dance they twined—
They seem'd like feathers on the wind—
Their hands they waved, their feet they twirl'd—
They ran, they leap'd, they tripp'd, they whirl'd.

L.

But as he danced, his eyes grew dim,
His blood ran thick through ev'ry limb;
And ev'ry face, so fair and bright,
Appear'd distorted to his sight.

LI.

The lustre of their eyes was gone,
Their cheeks grew wrinkled, pale, and wan;
Their fair plump arms grew shrivell'd skin,
Their voices hoarse, and sharp, and thin.

LII.

Bloodshot, and blear, and hollow-eyed,
Each raised her finger to deride;
And each more hideous than the last,
Chatter'd and jabber'd as she pass'd.

LIII.

And with discordant yell and shout,
They wheel'd in frantic droves about,
And gibing, in his visage scowl'd,
And moan'd, and shriek'd, and laugh'd, and howl'd.

B 2

LIV.

Again he fell in speechless dread ;
And then came one with drooping head,
And looks all pity and dismay,
And gazed upon him where he lay.

LV.

Her glancing eyes were black as jet,
Her fair pale cheeks with tears were wet ;
And beauty, modesty, and grace,
Strove for the mastery on her face.

LVI.

He knew her well ; and, as she wept,
A cold, cold shudder o'er him crept :
'Twas Ellen's self ! ah, well he knew
That face so fair—that heart so true !

LVII.

He felt her teardrops fall and flow,
But they were chill as melted snow ;
Then looking on her face, he sigh'd,
Felt her cold kiss, and shivering—died.

LVIII.

Next day, with many an anxious fear,
His father sought him far and near ;
And his sad mother, old and gray,
Wept with the bride of Oronsay.

LIX.

They found his body on the knoll,
And pray'd for mercy on his soul ;
And his bride a widow's weeds put on,
And mourn'd Lord Edward, dead and gone.

LX.

If you have brought a maid to death
By guileful words and breach of faith—
In weal or woe, in grief or joy,
Beware the hills of Ballochroy !

LORD NITHSDALE'S DREAM

IN THE

TOWER OF LONDON.

I.

"FAREWELL to thee, Winifred, dearest and best—

Farewell to thee, wife of a courage so high—

Come hither, and nestle again in my breast,

Come hither, and kiss me again ere I die.

And when *I* am laid bleeding and low in the dust,

And yield my last breath at a tyrant's decree,

Look up—be resign'd—and the God of the just

Will shelter thy fatherless children and thee."

II.

She wept on his breast, but, ashamed of her fears,

She dash'd off the drops that ran warm down her
cheek—

"Be sorrow for those who have leisure for tears,
 Oh, pardon thy wife, that her soul was so weak!
 There is hope for us still, and I will not despair,
 Though cowards and traitors exult at thy fate;
 I'll show the oppressors what woman can dare—
 I'll show them that Love can be stronger than Hate."

III.

Liptolip—heart to heart—and their fond arms entwined—
 He has clasp'd her again, and again, and again;—
 "Farewell to thee, Winifred, pride of thy kind,
 Sole ray in my darkness—sole joy in my pain."
 She has gone—he has heard the last sound of her tread,
 He has caught the last glimpse of her robes at the
 door—
 She has gone, and the joy that her presence has shed
 Will cheer the sad heart of Lord Nithsdale no more.

IV.

The prisoner pray'd in his dungeon alone,
 And thought of the morn and its dreadful array;
 Then rested his head on his pillow of stone—
 And slumber'd an hour ere the dawning of day.
 Oh, balm of the weary!—oh, soother of pain!
 That still to the sad givest pity and dole,
 How gently, oh Sleep, lay thy wings on his brain!
 How sweet were thy dreams to his desolate soul!

V.

Once more on his green native braes of the Nith,
He pluck'd the wild breckan, a frolicsome boy ;
He sported his limbs in the waves of the frith ;
He trod the green heather in gladness and joy ;
On his gallant gray steed to the hunting he rode—
In his bonnet a plume, on his bosom a star—
And chased the red-deer to its mountain abode,
And track'd the wild roe to its covert afar.

VI.

The vision has changed :—in a midsummer night
He roam'd with his Winifred blooming and young ;
He gazed on her face by the moon's mellow light,
And loving and warm were the words on his tongue ;
Through good and through evil he swore to be true,
And love through all fortune his Winnie alone—
And he saw the red blush o'er her cheek as it flew,
And heard her sweet voice that replied to his own.

VII.

Once more it has changed : In his martial array,
Lo ! he rode at the head of his gallant young men ;
For the pibroch was heard on the hills far away,
And the clans were all gather'd from mountain and glen.
For the darling of Scotland, their exile adored,
They raised the loud slogan—they rush'd to the strife ;

Unfurl'd was the banner—unsheath'd was the sword,
For the cause of their hearts, that was dearer than life.

VIII.

Again—and the vision was lost to his sight ;
But the phantasm that follow'd was darksome and
dread—
The morn of his doom had succeeded the night,
And a priest by his side said the prayers for the dead.
He heard the dull sound of the slow muffled drum,
And the hoarse sullen boom of the death-tolling bell ;
The block was prepared, and the headsman had come—
And the victim, bareheaded, walk'd forth from his cell.

IX.

No ! no ! 'twas but fancy—his hour was not yet,—
And, waking, he turn'd on his pallet of straw,
And a form by his side he could never forget,
By the pale misty light of a taper, he saw—
" 'Tis I—'tis thy Winifred ! " softly she said,
" Arouse thee, and follow ;—be bold—never fear.
There was danger abroad, but my errand has sped—
I promised to save thee, and lo—I am here ! "

X.

He rose at the summons—but little they spoke—
The gear of a lady she placed on his head ;

She cover'd his limbs with a womanly cloak,
And painted his cheeks of a maidenly red.
"One kiss, my dear lord—and begone and beware—
Walk softly—I follow! O guide us, and save
From the open assault—from the intricate snare—
Thou Providence, friend of the suffering brave!"

XI.

They pass'd unsuspected the guard at the cell,
And the sentinels weary that watch'd at the gate;
One danger remain'd—but they conquer'd it well—
Another—and Love triumph'd still over Hate.
And long ere the morning their ship was at sea,
Sailing down with fair winds, far away from the shore,
To the land of the Gaul, where their hearts might be
free,
And the quarrels of monarchs disturb them no more.

THE BURN OF ABERIACHAN.

I.

I LOVE, O bonnie Aberiachan !

Thy wild and tumbling flood ;—

So gently down thy rocks thou leapest,

So softly in thy linns thou sleepest,

Such silvery bubbles stud

Thy glancing bosom, and so green

Grows on thy bank each birken bough,

I never saw a waterfall

More beautiful than thou.

II.

'Tis true, unlike thy roaring neighbour,

Thy voice is sweet and low :

The mighty Foyars speaks in thunder—

Thou whisperest, thy birch-trees under,

To winds that o'er thee blow ;

And after showers of spring-time rain,
When every burnie bounds along,
Thy voice, so musical and soft,
But swells into a song.

III.

Yet more than Foyars, grand and solemn,
I love thy limpid face :
He awes us by his power and splendour—
Thou, like a maiden kind and tender,
Subduest by thy grace.
And in the sunny summer-time,
From morn to night, I would rejoice
To lie upon thy flowery banks,
And listen to thy voice.

IV.

Or underneath thy shelving summits,
Where tufted mosses grow—
Between the green o'erhanging birches,
Where all day long the lintie perches,
Mine idle limbs I'd throw :
And there I'd lie, until I sank
To a half slumber, 'mid the trees,
Lull'd by thy confidential talk,
Or murmur of thy bees.

V.

Or if I woke to dreams of fancy,
 Beneath thy steepest fall
I'd sit, and weave some thoughtful treasure
Into the light and airy measure
 Of chant or madrigal ;—
Or haply, in some genial hour,
 Interpret into words, the song
Thou singest down the mountain side,
 When autumn floods are strong—

VI.

Even all the secret things thou breathest,
 From thy translucent breast,
To the high mountains, cold and hoary,
Or the calm loch that, girt with glory,
 Receives thee from the west—
Thy secret hymn of thankfulness
 For all the beauty spread around,
Upon the loch, upon the hills,
 Upon the pasture ground.

VII.

I know thee, bonnie Aberiachan!
 I know that thou canst raise
The song of joy; and that thou flowest
With cheerful strength where'er thou goest,
 Through all thy hidden ways.—

Let me be like thee, and rejoice,
That if no Foyars high and strong,
I still can lift a grateful voice,
And glorify in song ;

VIII.

That I can see a beauty round me,
From many an eye conceal'd ;
That Nature, kind to those who love her,
Will still to them her face uncover,
And love for loving yield.
Let me, like thee, run cheerily on,
And sing my song though none may hear ;
Rewarded if I please the few,
And keep a current clear.

THE EVE OF FLODDEN.

I.

WHO are these so dim and wan,
Haggard, gaunt, and woe-begone?
Who in suits of silvery mail
Wander in the moonlight pale,
Through Dunedin's narrow street,
Sad and slow,
And with mournful voice repeat,
Singing low—
“ Dim the night, but dark the morrow—
Long shall last the coming sorrow—
“ Woe to Scotland, woe ! ”

II.

Helm on head and sword in hand,
Whence this melancholy band ?
Even the banner that they bear
Droops dejected on the air,
As they walk with noiseless tread
To and fro.
And the sleeper from his bed
Rises slow,
Listening to that chant of sorrow—
“ Dim the night, but dark the morrow—
“ Woe to Scotland, woe ! ”

III.

What they are, and their intent—
Whence they come, and whither bent—
If they come from kirkyard cold,
Or are men of mortal mould,
No one knows ;—but all night long,
 As they go,
There is heard a doleful song,
 Clear, but low—
“ Deep the grief that’s now beginning,
Scotland’s loss is England’s winning—
 “ Woe to Scotland, woe ! ”

IV.

Never yet Dunedin's street
Saw such ghastly warriors meet.
Now upon the Cross they stay ;
And a radiance clear as day,
When the day is dim and chill,
 Seems to glow
All around ; and from the hill
 Overflow
Gable, tower, and steeple-crosses,
Even the lonely wynds and closes :—
 “ Woe to Scotland, woe ! ”

V.

One steps forward from the rest,
Stately, gaunt, and richly drest ;
And they form a circle round,
Sadly looking to the ground ;
And a summons loud and shrill
 Sounds below,
Downwards from the Calton Hill
 Passing slow ;
Then a trumpet-call to rally
Echoes over mount and valley—
 “ Woe to Scotland, woe ! ”

VI.

Then the ling'ring echoes die
Faint and fainter on the sky,
And the spokesman of the band,
Raises high his mail'd right hand,
And exclaims with earnest voice,
Speaking slow,
" Long will Scotland's foes rejoice :—
Hearts shall glow
At recital of our story,
And of Scotland's faded glory.
" Woe to Scotland, woe !

VII.

" Nought shall bravery avail ;
Dust before the wild March gale
Flies not faster, than shall fly
Scotland's proudest chivalry,
Royal Stuart, when thy might
Stricken low,
Shall be scatter'd in the fight
By the foe.
And thy fairest ranks be trodden
On the bloody field of Flodden.
" Woe to Scotland, woe !"

VIII.

“ Crawford, Huntly, and Montrose,
Loud your shrill war-trumpet blows ;—
Home and Bothwell, high in air
Flaunt your banners free and fair ;—
Lennox ! well your stalwart men
 Wield the bow ;—
Fierce and fleet from hill and glen
 On the foe,
From wild Cowal to the Grampians,
Rush, Argyll, your stoutest champions ;—
 “ Woe to Scotland, woe !

IX.

“ But in vain shall they unite ;
And in vain their swords shall smite ;
And in vain their chiefs shall lead ;
Vainly, vainly shall they bleed ;—
England’s hosts shall smite them down
 At a blow,
And our country’s ancient crown
 Be laid low ;
And for warriors death-cold sleeping
Long shall last the wail and weeping—
 “ Woe to Scotland, woe ! ”

C

I.

Thus he speaks, and glides away,
Melting in the moonlight gray ;
And the pale knights follow on
Through the darkness, and are gone.
But all night is heard the wail

Rising slow,

As the pauses of the gale

Come and go,—

“ Dim the night but dark the morrow,
Long shall last the coming sorrow—

“ Woe to Scotland, woe ! ”

THE "DREAM," BY BEAULY.

THE high banks of the Beauly are covered with birch-trees ascending to a great height, with occasionally rocks, fir plantations, and mountain paths to vary the scene; and the river foaming and breaking into numerous falls below. This magnificent tract, which extends about three miles, is termed "the Dream," a name that seems to harmonize with the wild beauty of the landscape. The true orthography, however, is the *Drhuim* signifying in the Gaelic language, a *ridge*.—*The Highland Note-Book*, by R. CARRUTHERS.

I.

IN Lomond's isles the rowans grow,
In sweet Glennant the lintocks tarry,
And grand is Cruachan by Loch Awe,
And bonnie are the birks of Garry.
Beloved spots!—yet dearer far,
And cherish'd in my heart more truly,
Are sweet Kilmorack's lingering falls,
The lovely "Dream" and banks of Beauly.

II.

The joyous river runs its course,
Now dark and deep, now clear and shallow;

And high on either side the rocks
Rise, crown'd with mosses green and yellow ;
And birks, the "damsels of the wood,"
So slim and delicately shaded,
Stand in the clefts, and look below,
With graceful forms and tresses braided.

III.

And rowans flourish on the heights,
With scarlet bunches thickly studded,
And brambles, heavy-laden, trail
Their luscious berries, purple-blooded ;
And on the bosom of the hills,
Wooing the bees, the modest heather
Waves to the wind its hardy bells,
And blossoms in the wildest weather.

IV.

Oh that I might, 'mid scenes like this,
In the fresh noon of life and feeling,
Build up a bower where I might dwell,
All nature to my soul revealing.
Far from the bustling crowds that swarm
'Mid the great city's endless riot,
How happily my days would flow
In converse with these woodlands quiet !

V.

Unmindful of the hollow pomp
And festering coronet of splendour—
Heedless of fame, and all the din
Of shouting voices that attend her ;—
With leisure, when my fancy led,
To roam the glen or forest thorough,
To climb the mountain-top, and trace
The torrent upward, by its furrow ;—

VI.

To let the winds in stormy nights
Blow in my hair ; to tread the heather
In tempest and in calm alike,
Braving, plaid-bound, the roughest weather ;—
To hold communion night and day
With Nature—to her bosom turning
Aye for relief—and from her face
New hope, new joy, new wisdom learning.

VII.

Oh, for a bower where I might dwell
In this contemplative seclusion,
With wealth sufficient for the wants
Of temperate Nature—not profusion.
A cottage on the green hill-side,
Sacred to friendship, love, and duty—

A garden fair, with trees for fruit,
And some for shadow and for beauty.

VIII.

Here, not unmindful of my kind,
Flying the world, but never scorning,
My voice, to solemn lay attuned,
Or cheerful as the lark's at morning,
Might reach the crowds that I had left,—
And bear my thoughts to many a dwelling,
Where human hearts would throb to hear
The tale I would delight in telling.

IX.

The tale or song, whose burden still,
Serene or glad, should preach to sorrow,—
That sunshine follows after rain,
And after darkest night, a morrow ;—
That those who strive with evil days,
If their own strength they would but measure,
Might turn endurance into joy,
And outward woe to inward pleasure ;

X.

That earth, though fill'd with care and grief,
Has joy for those who wisely seek it ;

That if the heart be truly taught,
It may defy the world to break it ;—
That love and virtue are not names,
But things, to those who prize them given ;
And that the more we love our kind,
The more our bliss in earth and heaven.

XI.

But fare thee well, sweet Beaully stream !
Upon thy banks I may not linger ;—
My task is set—my daily toil
Beckons me hence with ruthless finger.
Farewell ! and when in cities pent,
I'll cherish thy remembrance duly,
And long for autumn days again,
To lead my footsteps back to Beaully.

THE KELPIE OF CORRYVRECKAN.

I.

HE mounted his steed of the water clear,
And sat on his saddle of sea-weed sere ;
He held his bridal of strings of pearl,
Dug out of the depths where the sea-snakes curl.

II.

He put on his vest of the whirlpool froth,
Soft and dainty as velvet cloth,
And donn'd his mantle of sand so white,
And grasp'd his sword of the coral bright.

III.

And away he gallop'd, a horseman free,
Spurring his steed through the stormy sea,
Clearing the billows with bound and leap—
Away, away, o'er the foaming deep.

IV.

By Scarba's rock, by Lunga's shore,
By Garveloch isles where breakers roar,
With his horse's hoofs he dash'd the spray,
And on to Loch Buy, away, away!

V.

On to Loch Buy all day he rode,
And reach'd the shore as sunset glow'd,
And stopp'd to hear the sounds of joy,
That rose from the hills and glens of Moy.

VI.

The morrow was May, and on the green
They'd lit the fire of Beltan E'en,
And danced around, and piled it high
With peat and heather, and pine logs dry.

VII.

A piper play'd a lightsome reel,
And timed the dance with toe and heel ;
While wives look'd on, as lad and lass
Trod it merrily o'er the grass.

VIII.

And Jessie (fickle and fair was she)
Sat with Evan beneath a tree,
And smiled with mingled love and pride,
And half agreed to be his bride.

IX.

The Kelpie gallop'd o'er the green—
He seem'd a knight of noble mien ;
And old and young stood up to see,
And wonder'd who the knight could be.

X.

His flowing locks were auburn bright,
His cheeks were ruddy, his eyes flash'd light ;
And as he sprang from his good gray steed,
He look'd a gallant youth indeed.

XI.

And Jessie's fickle heart beat high,
As she caught the stranger's glancing eye ;
And when he smiled, " Ah well," thought she,
" I wish this knight came courting me !"

XII.

He took two steps towards her seat—
" Wilt thou be mine, O maiden sweet ?"
He took her lily-white hand, and sigh'd,
" Maiden, maiden, be my bride !"

XIII.

And Jessie blush'd, and whisper'd soft—
" Meet me to-night when the moon's aloft.
I've dream'd, fair knight, long time of thee—
I thought thou camest courting me."

XIV.

When the moon her yellow horn display'd,
Alone to the trysting went the maid ;
When all the stars were shining bright,
Alone to the trysting went the knight.

XV.

" I have loved thee long, I have loved thee well,
Maiden, oh more than words can tell !
Maiden, thine eyes like diamonds shine ;
Maiden, maiden, be thou mine !"

XVI.

" Fair sir, thy suit I'll ne'er deny—
Though poor my lot, my hopes are high ;
I scorn a lover of low degree—
None but a knight shall marry me."

XVII.

He took her by the hand so white,
And gave her a ring of gold so bright ;
" Maiden, whose eyes like diamonds shine,
Maiden, maiden, now thou'rt mine !"

XVIII.

He lifted her up on his steed of gray,
And they rode till morning away, away—
Over the mountain and over the moor,
And over the rocks to the dark sea-shore.

XIX.

"We have ridden east, we have ridden west—
I'm weary, fair knight, and I fain would rest.
Say, is thy dwelling beyond the sea?
Hast thou a good ship waiting for me?"

XX.

"I have no dwelling beyond the sea,
I have no good ship waiting for thee:
Thou shalt sleep with me on a couch of foam,
And the depths of the ocean shall be thy home."

XXI.

The gray steed plunged in the billows clear,
And the maiden's shrieks were sad to hear;—
"Maiden, whose eyes like diamonds shine—
Maiden, maiden, now thou'rt mine!"

XXII.

Loud the cold sea-blast did blow
As they sank 'mid the angry waves below—
Down to the rocks where the serpents creep,
Twice five hundred fathoms deep.

XXIII.

At morn a fisherman sailing by
Saw her pale corse floating high.
He knew the maid by her yellow hair
And her lily skin so soft and fair.

XXIV.

Under a rock on Scarba's shore,
Where the wild winds sigh and the breakers roar,
They dug her a grave by the water clear,
Among the sea-weeds salt and sere.

XXV.

And every year at Beltan E'en,
The Kelpie gallops across the green,
On a steed as fleet as the wintry wind,
With Jessie's mournful ghost behind.

XXVI.

I warn you, maids, whoever you be,
Beware of pride and vanity ;
And ere on change of love you reckon,
Beware the Kelpie of Corryvreckan.

THE INVASION OF THE NORSEMEN

I.

HACO, King of Norway, call'd his men of might,
Sea-captains and Vikinger—his veterans in fight ;
And set sail for Scotland's coast
With a well-apparell'd host,
Fully twenty thousand strong—
When the summer days grew long—
In the fairest fleet that ever the north sea-billows bore,
To harry it, and pillage it, and hold it evermore.

II.

Mile on mile extended, o'er the ocean blue,
Sail'd the ships of battle, white and fair to view—
Running races on the sea,
With their streamers waving free,
From their saucy bows all day
Dashing up the scornful spray,
And leaving far behind them, in the darkness of the
 night,
Unborrow'd from the firmament, long tracks of liquid
 light.

III.

Past the isles of Shetland lay the monarch's path,
Round the isles of Orkney and the Cape of Wrath,
'Mid the Islands of the West
That obey'd his high behest—
The Lewis and Uist and Skye,
And the countless isles that lie
Between the wide Atlantic and Albyn's mountains
brown,
And paid him homage duly and fealty to his crown.

IV.

Music and rejoicing follow'd on their way,
Drinking and carousing nightly till the day.
Every sailor in the fleet
Felt his heart with pleasure beat,
Every soldier in the ships
Had a smile upon his lips,
As he drank, and saw, in fancy, reeking sword and
flaming brand,
And the rapine and the violence, and the carnage of the
land.

V.

Not amid the mountains of the rugged north
Would the mighty Haco send his legions forth;

Not by highland loch or glen
Would he land his eager men ;—
Not on banks of moorland stream
Were their thirsty swords to gleam ;—
But further to the southward, from the rocks of bare
Argyll,
To the sloping hills of Renfrew, and the grassy meads
of Kyle.

VI.

In the vales of Carrick, smiling by the sea,
In the woods of Lennox, in the Lothians three,
There was fatness all the year—
There were sheep and fallow deer—
There was mead to fill the horn—
There were kye, and there was corn—
There was food for hungry Norsemen, and spoil to last
them long,
And lordly towers to revel in, with music and with song.

VII.

Like scarts upon the wing by the hope of plunder led,
Pass'd on the ships of Haco, with sails like pinions
spread.
But the tidings went before
To the inland, from the shore ;

And from crag to mountain crag,
At the terror of his flag,
Arose a cry of warning, and a voice of loud alarm
That call'd the startled multitudes to gather and to
arm.

VIII.

Every mountain summit had its beal-fire bright ;
All Argyll, ere sunset, crown'd its hills with light,
And from Morven to Cantyre,
Lit the chain of signal fire ;
From Cantyre to Cowal's coast
Blazed a warning of the host
Of savage Norse invaders that to spoil and harry
came,
With their lust and with their hunger—with the sword
and with the flame.

IX.

Glen call'd out to mountain—mount to moorland
brown ;
Village call'd to village, town gave voice to town ;—
And the bells in every tower
Rang the tocsin hour by hour,
Until old Dunedin heard,
And the Lothians three were stirr'd,

And sent their yeomen westward to struggle hand to hand
For their wives, and for their children, for their home and
native land.

X.

Wives had no endearment for a laggard lord ;
Maidens had no love-looks and no kindly word
For the lover, who was slow
To march out against the foe.
Even maids themselves put on
Coat of mail and habergeon ;
Threw the snood off for the helmet, left the distaff for
the spear,
To die for sake of Scotland with a sire or lover dear.

XI.

Young King Alexander march'd his legions forth,
From eastward to the westward, from southward to the
north.
High his flashing falchion gleam'd,
In his blue eye valour beam'd,
In his heart high courage glow'd,
As in pride of youth he rode
With the flower of Scotland's people, to defend her
sacred soil,
And repel the Norse marauders that came down for
blood and spoil.

XII.

With him rode the Comyn, grown in battles gray,
With a thousand bowmen ready for the fray,
With a tongue to give command,
And a rough untiring hand ;
With a cheek in combat scarr'd,
And a soul to pity hard ;
When he drew his sword for battle, and flung away
the sheath,
It was death to him who struggled with the Comyn of
Monteith.

XIII.

And the Bishop of St Andrews, a priest but in his name,
In his heart a soldier, with all his warriors came.
And the stalwart Earl of Fife
Led his vassals to the strife—
Full a thousand fighting men,
Strong of hand and sharp of ken,
And ready each to die at the bidding of their lord ;
But readier still for Scotland to draw the avenging
sword.

XIV.

From his northern mountains and his lochs afar,
March'd the Earl of Caithness, ready aye for war,

With his pibroch sounding shrill
To his clansmen of the hill ;
And the Earl of March, new wed,
Left his happy bridal bed
At the first war-cry of danger that broke upon his ears,
And join'd King Alexander with twice a thousand spears.

XV.

Thirsting for the conquest, eager for the fray,
Haco sail'd by Arran at the dawn of day.
But as up the firth of Clyde
He came proudly with the tide,
Rose a storm upon the deep,
And with wild and fitful sweep
Howl'd aloft amid the rigging ; while the sun look'd
pale and wan,
Through the clouds and driving vapours as the tempest
hurried on.

XVI.

To the ship of Haco came his stanchest men—
Holder, Sweno, Ratho, Hingst, and Innisfen,
Irminsule, and Loke, and Harr,
Each a chieftain fierce in war,
In the foray, hand to hand,
On the sea or on the land ;

Loving fighting more than counsel, blazing torch than
morning shine—
The foremost in the battle and the hindmost at the wine.

XVII.

Short was Haco's counsel, and the signal flew
From captain on to captain, from crew again to crew,
That by Largs, ere noon of day,
They should land within the bay,—
And through all the ships there ran
A rejoicing, man with man,
That the hour had come at last when the sword might
leave its sheath,
And the cloth-yard shaft its quiver, for the revelry of
death.

XVIII.

Scotland's king was ready—Scotland's patriot men
Marshall'd round their monarch from mountain and
from glen,
And from every height around
Seem'd to issue from the ground.
Thirty thousand men that day
Met the Norsemen in the bay,
And fought, but not for pillage, nor for glory in the strife,
But for God and for their country—for their freedom
and their life.

XIX.

Loud the shock resounded on the battle-field,
Clink of sword and buckler, clang of spear and shield ;
Whirr of arrows in the blast,
On their errand flying fast ;
And a shouting loud and high,
And a shrill continuous cry,
From either side arising, as th' impetuous legions
met,
And the fresh greensward of Largs was with blood of
thousands wet.

XX.

Loud the voice of Haco sounded 'mid the fray,
Alexander's louder cheer'd the Scots that day ;
And the kings press'd on to meet
Through the arrows thick as sleet,
Through the living and the dead,
Holding high the dauntless head—
To fight in single combat, and struggle hand to hand
For the glory of the battle and the mastery of the land.

XXI.

And the fierce Earl Comyn sought the Norseman Harr ;
The Bishop singled Ratho from the ranks of war ;
And the Earls of March and Fife,
In the sharp contested strife,

Fought with Irminsule and Loke,
Thrust for thrust, and stroke for stroke ;
And the Earl of Caithness drove the haughty Innisfen
Back again into the ocean with a hundred of his men.

XXII.

Harr fell deadly wounded by the Comyn's blade ;
Ratho fled to seaward, faint and sore dismay'd ;
While Loke, with mortal wound,
Fell exhausted on the ground ;
And Hingst sank down to rest
With the death-shaft in his breast ;—
When a sudden panic seized on the whole Norwegian foe,
And they fled like flying dust, when the Norland tem-
pests blow.

XXIII.

Down upon them swooping in their sudden rout
Came King Alexander with exulting shout—
Crying, “ Strike for Scotland's sake,
And a bloody vengeance take
For the insult borne too long—
For the centuries of wrong—
For the murder and the ravage they have done within
our lands ;—
Down upon them, Scottish hearts ! Strike and spare not,
Scottish hands ! ”

XXIV.

Fighting, flying, struggling—with his scatter'd host
Haco saw despairing that the day was lost.
Of his twenty thousand men
Not a third were left him then,
The fearful tale to tell
Of the slaughter that befell ;
And Haco, iron-hearted, who had never wept before,
With his hands his pale face cover'd, and sobb'd upon
the shore.

XXV.

Flying their pursuers, faint, with pallid lips,
Haco and his captains stagger'd to their ships,
And ere nightfall, many a one,
That had sail'd when day begun
As if life were in her sides
To defy the winds and tides,
Was driven before the tempest, her tall mast snapp'd
in twain,
A helpless wreck on Arran, ne'er to sail the seas again.

XXVI.

Through the Kyles, storm-batter'd, Haco held his way,
By Cantyre and Islay, on to Colonsay :
And when dawn'd the morning light .
Not a vessel was in sight,

But his own ship scudding by
On the gloomy shore of Skye,
Dismantled 'mid the hurricane that still around him blew,
With danger all about him, and a spirit-broken crew.

XXVII.

Thus he sail'd to Orkney ; but by night nor day,
To his men around him, did one word betray
All the anguish of his heart—
Though at times a sudden start,
And a short uneasy pace,
And the flushing of his face,
Show'd the grief and rage within him as he mourn'd
 with silent lips
For his hope of conquest lost, for his sailors and his ships.

XXVIII.

In the bay of Kirkwall shelter'd from the gales,
His sad crew dropp'd their anchor, and furl'd the
 tatter'd sails :
And the king was led on shore,
Weak and faint and spirit-sore,
Seeing—heeding—knowing naught
But his own despairing thought—
A thought of bitter shame, that he had not died that day,
With his face towards the mountains, in the thickest of
 the fray.

D

XXIX.

To his couch they led him, once so bold and strong,
And they watch'd beside him, tenderly and long.
But all human care was vain
To relieve him of his pain ;
So the mighty Haco died
In his sorrow and his pride.
And they buried him in Orkney ; and Norsemen never
more
Set sail to harry Scotland, or plunder on her shore.

THE VOICE OF FOYERS.

I.

WET with the spray of this transcendant river,
Upon this crag with mosses cover'd o'er,
I love to stand and listen to the roar
Of waters bursting down the rocks for ever—
Dash'd into rainbows where the sunbeams quiver.—
The sound of billows as they beat the shore,
Or thunder leaping on the hill-tops hoar,
Till the firm earth beneath its footstep shiver,
Is not more awful than thy flood, O Foyers !
Roaring 'mid chasms like an escaping sea.
Alone, and silent, in thy presence vast,
Awed, yet elated, the rapt soul aspires,
Forgetting all its meaner longings past,
To hold high converse, intimate, with thee.

II.

Yes! all unmindful of the world without—

My spirit with thee, and mine eyes in thrall

To thy great beauty, swathing me about—

To me thy voice breathes peace, majestic fall!

Envy and pride, and warring passions all—

Hatred and scorn, and littleness of mind,

And all the mean vexations of mankind,

Fade from my spirit at thy powerful call.

I stand before thee, reverent and dumb,

And hear thy voice discoursing to my soul

Sublime orations tuned to psalmody—

High thoughts of peril met and overcome,

Of Power and Beauty and Eternity,

And the great God who bade thy waters roll.

FOYERS BEFORE THE FALL.

ERE this commotion wakens in thy breast,
Or these stern rocks call forth thy hidden powers,
How gently, Foyers, thou passest all thine hours!
Now loitering where the linnet builds its nest,
Or in green meadows where the cattle rest
Lingering, and singing to the birken bowers,
And heather-bells, and all the woodland flowers
That bare their bosoms to the fragrant west.
So the great minds that soar to heights sublime,
And win in peril all the world's applause
By thoughts of wisdom and courageous deeds,
Are aye the same that, in a calmer time,
Conform them to the sweet domestic laws,
And sport with happy children in the meads.

THE PLANTING OF THE ACORNS.

DARNAWAY FOREST.

I.

UPON this bare unshelter'd ground
The living germs we strew,
And pray for kindly summer suns,
And fertilizing dew.
Receive the Acorns, mother Earth,
And feed them year by year,
Till proud and high, towards the sky
Their lordly boughs they rear.
Winds, blow gently o'er them,
Rain, fall softly down,
Earth, enwrap them warmly
In thy bosom brown.

II.

Beneath the shadow of their leaves
The wanton birds shall play,
And lovers in the summer eves
Shall sigh their hearts away ;

Or sit together side by side
In solitary nooks,
To read in one another's eyes
The lore not learn'd in books.
Winds, blow gently o'er them,
Stars, look kindly through,
Fortune, smile upon them,
If their love be true.

III.

And here, in rural holidays,
The village girls shall sing
The simple rhymes of olden times,
While dancing in a ring.
Old men, upon the sward beneath,
Shall loiter in the sun,
With pipe and glass, and drowsy talk
Of all the deeds they've done.
Winds, blow gently o'er them,
Sunshine, gild their way,
Time, lay light thy fingers
On their heads of gray.

IV.

And when a hundred years have pass'd,
The oaks, grown old and hoar,
Shall serve to form some mighty fleet,
To guard our native shore.

By trusty hearts in peril's hour,
Their flag shall be unfurl'd
To sound the fame of Britain's name
In thunder o'er the world.
Winds, blow gaily o'er them,
Calm thy rage, O sea !
Bear thy burden proudly
On to victory !

THE KING'S SON.

I.

" WHY so sorrowful, my son? Why so pallid and distress'd?

Why that look so woe-begone? And that heaving of the breast?

Hast not wealth enough to spend On the joys thou lovest best?"

II.

" I have wealth enough to spend—All thy jewels and thy gold,

All that usurers could lend, Piled before me fifty-fold,
Could not ease me of the pain That consumes me uncontroll'd."

III.

" Could not ease thee of thy pain! Art thou longing for the hour

When thy sire shall cease to reign, And thine enemies shall cower?

Art thou longing for my crown, And my sceptre and my power?"

IV.

“ No !—I care not for thy crown, Nor thy sceptre, nor
thy state,
Could my wishes cast thee down Thou shouldst flourish
high and great ;
But thou’st done me mortal wrong, And hast changed
my love to hate.

V.

“ Thou hast done me mortal wrong—Thou, so feeble, old,
and gray—
Thou so weak, whilst I am strong, Thou hast stolen my
bride away,
And art rival of thy son, In the waning of thy day :

VI.

“ Art the rival of thy son For a maid that he adored ;—
Hast her trusting heart undone, Though she wept and
she implored ;—
But she hates thee as do I, Thou voluptuous—thou ab-
horr’d !

VII.

“ But she hates thee as do I, O thou rust upon the steel !
O thou cloud upon the sky ! O thou poison at the meal !
Who hast changed our joy to woe, Which no time can
ever heal !

VIII.

“ Who has changed our joy to woe, Bringing blight
upon her heart—
Bringing tears that, as they flow, Burn the eyeballs where
they start :
Buying beauty for a price, Like a jewel in the mart.

IX.

“ Buying beauty for a price, When the priceless gem
was mine ;
When thy blood is cold as ice, Nor can warm with love
nor wine,
Trying vainly to be young, And to kneel at Beauty's
shrine.

X.

“ Trying vainly to be young, When thy limbs with palsy
shake,
And to woo with flattering tongue, When for Jesus'
blessed sake
Thou shouldst make thy peace with God, Ere the grave
thy body take ! ”

XI.

Fiercely flash'd the old king's eye—To his forehead rush'd
the blood—

And the veins were swollen high By the anger-driven
flood ;
But his tongue refused to speak, And he trembled where
he stood.

XII.

But his tongue refused to speak All the madness of his
brain ;
From his eyes it seem'd to reek, On his lips it curl'd in
pain ;
In each feature of his face Swell'd in anger and disdain.

XIII.

In each feature of his face Shone a moment, like a fire,
But no longer: from his place Falling, conquer'd by his ire,
Senseless on the ground he lay, Struck by apoplexy dire.

XIV.

O'er him bent his sorrowing son, Weeping tears of bitter
woe,
For the ill his words had done To his father lying low,
With his venerable head, And his long hair white as snow.

XV.

And that venerable head, Burning, throbbing, up he
raised,

On his knees, as on a bed, And till succour came, still
gazed
On that pain-distorted cheek, Awed, remorseful, and
amazed.

XVI.

Awed, remorseful, and heart-sore, But with courage calm
and kind,
To his couch his sire he bore, Deep repentance in his
mind ;
And for many a weary day, Watch'd him patient and
resign'd.

XVII.

And for many a weary day, And for many a dreary night,
Watch'd beside him, as he lay—Senseless—speechless—
hopeless quite,
Until sense one day return'd Like a sudden flash of light.

XVIII.

Like a flash of light it came ; And his son beside him
knelt,
Grasp'd his hand and breathed his name, And the sor-
row that he felt,
Whisper'd lowly, and implored That forgiveness might
be dealt.

XIX.

Whisper'd lowly, and implored—" Oh, forgive me, sire,"
he said—

" I am sad and self-abhorr'd—I have wrong'd thine
aged head,
I have mock'd thy hoary hair, Impulse-driven and pas-
sion-led.

XX.

" I have mock'd the hoary hair Of a sire that loved me
well,
But when goaded to despair Youthful passion will rebel,
And I loved this lovely maid More than tongue can ever
tell.

XXI.

" God forgive me and the maid ! At her feet I breathed
my sighs—
Doated on her, vow'd and pray'd—Drew existence from
her eyes,
Thought her love a light from heaven, And her smile a
paradise.

XXII.

Thought her love a light from heaven, And her form its
purest shrine,

And my being only given That with hers it might en-
twine
Heart and soul and every sense, Mine with hers and
hers with mine.

XXIII.

“ Heart and soul, through every sense, *One* as long as
life should last,
One desire, one love intense—In one mould of fortune
cast ;
Undivided in our love, E'en if life itself were pass'd.

XXIV.

“ Undivided—oh, that thought ! Thou, O father ! came
between,
For thy wife my bride thou sought—Woo'd this maid
to be a queen,
Never asking, in thy pride, What her agony might mean.

XXV.

“ Never asking, in thy pride, If she loved thee ! ”—“ Oh,
my son ! ”
Stung with grief the father cried, “ Pardon what thy
sire has done ;
Ere this night I'll give thee back Her thou hast not lost
but won.

XXVI.

“ Ere this night I'll give thee back Her thou lovest ;—as
for me,
If I writhe upon the rack, Just my punishment will
be ;
I was selfish in my age, I was heartless unto thee.

XXVII.

“ I was selfish in my age—Lustful, callous, stony-hard ;
Ending life's long pilgrimage, Swaddled in my self-
regard ;
Caring not, so I enjoy'd, Whose enjoyment I debarr'd.

XXVIII.

“ Caring not, so I enjoy'd, Whom I injured, whom op-
prest,
Whose the hope that I destroy'd, If one moment I were
blest.
But in living to repent, I shall die with calmer breast.

XXIX.

“ And in living to repent, Let me hasten to atone.
She for whom thy prayers are sent—She is thine, and
thine alone,
And thy love shall be to her Better guerdon than my
throne.

XXX.

"Bring her hither—let my tongue Bless ye both before
I die."

He has brought her. Lo, among Chiefs and earls of
lineage high,
In her loveliness array'd, She has glided modestly.

XXXI.

In her loveliness array'd, Downwards looking, mild and
meek,
Dazzling as a star, the maid, Happy blushes on her cheek,
Kneels beside the old man's bed, Fill'd with joy she can-
not speak.

XXXII.

Kneels beside the old king's bed, Sorrow mingling with
her bliss ;
And he stoops his aged head, On her forehead seals *one* kiss,
Takes his son's hand and the maid's, Joins them, trem-
bling, both in his.

XXXIII.

Clasp'd his son's hand in his own, Then upon his pillow fell,
And his eyes one moment shone With a peace unspeak-
able,
As he died without a groan ;—Holy angels guard him
well !

ANNIE OF LOCHLINNHE.

I.

FAIR Annie by Lochlinnhe side
Was neither maiden nor a bride ;
She wander'd weary all the day,
And thought of Allan far away.
The saddest of Argyle's fair daughters,
All desolate and lorn was she ;
From Appin woods, by Linnhe's waters,
She watch'd each vessel on the sea ;
And thus she sang the livelong day,
 " Woe's me—woe's me !"

II.

" I dread the time, ye wild woods bare,
When ye shall flourish green and fair ;
Ye happy birds that wake the spring,
Sad shall I be when next ye sing.
For then my shame, no longer hidden,
The hard unfeeling world will see ;

And scorn'd of all, disgraced and chidden,
A very by-word I shall be,
And weep and sigh the livelong day
"Woe's me—woe's me."

III.

"But with the flowers and spring-time rain,
Should my false love return again,
Then should his presence cure my smart
And birds make music to my heart.
Should Allan come to soothe my sadness,
And love my little babe and me,
My soul would re-awake to gladness,
And all the earth be fair to see ;
And I no more would weep and sigh
"Woe's me—woe's me."

IV.

But ere the trees put on their leaf,
Fair Annie had no cause for grief—
From Orkney to Lochlinnhe side,
Came Allan thinking of a bride.
She was both bonnie and true-hearted,
And if she'd sinn'd, more blameful he ;
He took her hand—"We've long been parted,
To-morrow shall our bridal be."
And Annie never sigh'd again
"Woe's me—woe's me."

THE WITCH OF SKERRIEVORE.

I.

“WE were sisters, sisters seven—
The fairest women under heaven ;”
One was calm, serene, and fair—
One had locks of auburn hair—
One had lips like parted cherries—
One had cheeks like autumn berries—
One had eyes where pity glow’d—
One a smile where love abode ;
Comely, ruddy, graceful, tall ;
And I the fairest of them all.

II.

Oh my sisters !—sisters sweet,
Dancing with their nimble feet,
Mingling voices all the day
In a happy roundelay,

Wreathing flowers to bind their hair,
With their smiles dispelling care,
Scattering pleasures as they went,
To the world's enravishment,
Oh my sisters ! oh their fall ;
Love destroy'd them one and all !

III.

Fairest blossoms of our clime,
They were blighted ere their time :
One was sear'd by slander's breath—
One, too loving, pined to death—
One, deceived, and smitten low,
In her madness lost her woe—
One, we thought a maiden mild,
In her frenzy slew her child—
One, with hopes and passions strong,
Lived for vengeance, but not long :
I alone escaped their fall—
I alone, amid them all.

IV.

Never have I loved a man ;
Never will I—never can ;
Smile, nor tear, nor passion-word
Never yet my heart has stirr'd ;

Never shall they : Hate is free—
Love abides in slavery.
I have other joys than this—
Hotter pleasures, fiercer bliss,
As upon the winds I go,
Flying, floating to and fro!

V.

Up in the air ! up in the air !
In foul weather and in fair.
I have made a compact free
With the spirits of air and sea,
To do my bidding willingly.
I can ride the fleetest wind,
And leave the lazy clouds behind,
Or swim the surf where breakers roar
Amid the rocks of Skerrievore,
Working mischief as I go,
Floating, flying to and fro !

VI.

Up in the air ! up in the air !
Before the watchman is aware !
I love to rattle the chimneys down,
And rock the belfries of the town ;
Oh, 'tis sweet o'er field and copse
To rush from the barren mountain-tops,

To strip the garden of flower and fruit—
To scatter the pine-trees branch and root—
To loosen the wreaths of drifted snow,
And roll the avalanche below.

VII.

Oh, 'tis sweet to ride the blast,
To rend the sail from the creaking mast—
To dash the billows amid the shrouds—
To hide the moon in the driving clouds—
To sweep the sailor from the deck,
And cast his ship on the rocks a wreck,
And drown his last expiring cry
In the howl of tempests rushing by.

VIII.

Up in the air! up in the air!
I avenge my sisters fair;
On mankind I vent my wrath,
Strewing dangers in his path.
For this I've made a compact free
With the powers of air and sea,
That I shall rue eternally!
But hate is joy—and this is mine,
To ride the wind, to sail the brine,
And work fierce mischief as I go,
Floating, flying to and fro."

IX.

Ye that sail the stormy seas
Of the distant Hebrides,
By Scarba's rock, and Colonsay,
And Old Iona's Minster gray,
By far Tiree, the flowery isle,
And Staffa's wond'rous cave and pile,
By Jura, with her treble hills,
And Skye, far looming, seam'd with rills,
By barren Mull and Ulva's shore,
Beware the Witch of Skerrievore !

THE LADY OF DUART'S VENGEANCE.

I.

“ WEIRD woman, that dwellest on lofty Ben More,
Give ear to my sorrow, and aid, I implore.
A lady has come from the green sunny bowers
Of a far southern clime, to the mountains of ours ;
A light in her eyes, but deceit in her heart,
And she lingers and lingers, and will not depart.

II.

“ Through darkness and danger, 'mid tempest and rain,
She has sail'd to our shores from the cities of Spain,
Forsaking her country, her kindred, her home,
Abroad through our cold Western islands to roam,
To find a young lover as fair to her sight
As a gallant she saw in the dreams of the night.

III.

“ And hither by stars unpropitious convey'd,
She has come, in her gems and her beauty array'd,

E

With a tongue full of sweetness—a heart insincere,
And wielding at will both the smile and the tear ;
And fix'd her bright eyes on the chief of Maclean,
To toy with his heart, and bewilder his brain.

IV.

“ And I, who was once the delight of his soul,
Ere *she* like a blight on my happiness stole,
Now wander through Duart, neglected and lorn,
Of a stranger the scoff—of my maidens the scorn ;
With a grief in my bosom that gnaws to the core,
And a fire in my brain that will burn evermore :

V.

“ Unless thou wilt aid me with charm and with spell,
To gain back the heart I have cherish'd so well,
And rid me of her who with art the most vile
Has poison'd my peace with her glozing and guile ;—
I hate her with hatred intense as despair,
Yet murder's a guilt that my soul cannot bear.”

VI.

“ Be calm, craven spirit ! On me be the guilt.
No poison shall rack her, no blood shall be spilt.
Till my hair has turn'd gray, and my blood has grown
thin,
I have dwelt on Ben More with the spirits of sin ;

And have learn'd by their aid without weapons to kill,
And can blast by a look, and destroy by my will.

VII.

" Were the good ship, the Florida, far on the seas,
I'd whirl her and toss her, like chaff on the breeze ;
And far on some cliff, where the storms ever roar,
And aid could not reach them, I'd drive them ashore ;
And the wanton I'd seize by her long raven looks,
And drag her to death at the foot of the rocks.

VIII.

" But safe from all danger of winds and of tides,
In calm Tobermory at anchor she rides ;
But peril may come 'mid security deep,
And vengeance may wake when the world is asleep ;
And strong though her timbers—her haven secure,
The hand of revenge, though unseen, shall be sure."

IX.

Serene was the night, and unruffled the bay,
Not a breath stirr'd the deep where the Florida lay ;
Her broad azure pennant hung breezeless on high,
And her thin taper masts pointed clear to the sky ;
And the moonlight that fell on the breast of the deep
Appear'd like the charm that had lull'd it to sleep.

X.

The cabin-boy dream'd of the vineyards of Spain,
Or roam'd with a maiden at sunset again ;
The sailor, in fancy, was dancing afar,
In his own native land, to the graceful guitar ;
Or bless'd with a household, in sleep, was restored
To the children he loved, and the wife he adored.

XI.

The fair Spanish lady in visions was blest :
She dream'd that, escaped from the isles of the West,
Her young Highland chief had consented to roam
To her far Andalusia, in search of a home ;
That together they dwelt in her own sunny clime,
Where life was not effort, and love was not crime.

XII.

None dream'd of the danger that round them might lurk ;
But in darkness and silence a spell was at work.
Conceal'd in the waters, at poop and at prow,
The agents of evil were busy below ;
And noiseless their labour, but certain their stroke,
Through her strong copper'd hull, and her timbers of oak.

XIII.

And, long ere the morning, a loud sudden shriek
Was heard o'er the bay, " Sprung a leak!—sprung a leak!"

Oh ! then there was gathering in tumult and fear,
And a blenching of cheeks, as the peril grew near.
A screaming of women—a cursing of men,
And a rushing and trampling, again and again.

XIV.

No time for leave-taking—no leisure to weep ;
In roll'd the fierce waters, and down to the deep—
Down, down, fifty fathoms, with captain and crew,
The Florida sank, with the haven in view ;—
Down, down to the bottom, escaping but one
To tell the sad tale of the deed that was done.

XV.

And he, as he battled for life with the tide,
Beheld the fair lady of Spain by his side ;
And a lank skinny hand, that came up through the spray
And twined in her tresses, as floating she lay ;
And heard the loud laughter of fiends in the air,
As she sank 'mid the waves with a shriek of despair.

THE SHOAL OF WHALES.

I

CALM and unruffled is the bay,
There is not even a breath at play,
To make a ripple in the sun,
That since this summer day begun,
Has shown the Hebridean isles
A cloudless visage, bright with smiles.
On the low rocks that fringe the sea,
The brown dulse welters lazily ;
The seagulls hovering, milky white,
Display their pinions to the light,
And dart and wheel with sudden cry,
Or drop like snow-flakes from the sky.

II.

The minister is in the manse,
His open Bible on his knees ;
His daughters in the garden walk,
And prune their stunted apple-trees,
By high walls shelter'd from the breeze,

That comes salt-laden from the beach ;
Or lift the tender floweret's stalk
 That rains have beaten to the ground ;
Or guard their solitary peach
 From birds, by network round.

III.

The fisher's wife beside her door
Sits mending nets, and crooning o'er
 Some old sad Gaelic lay ;
And children paddle in the brine,
Or watch the fair white sails that shine
 In sunlight o'er the bay,
Or hide and seek 'mid boats that lie
Keel upwards, on the beach to dry.

IV.

Peace broods upon that Western isle—
 When a lone fisher on the sand,
Loitering along with vacant smile,
 Suddenly stops, and with his hand
Shades his face from the light of the skies,
And summons his soul into his eyes,
To look if his sight deceived it not ;—
 No !—there !—where sky and ocean blend,
He fixes his gaze upon the spot—
 The glittering cascades ascend

Twenty feet high—then rustle down
On the backs of the monsters, bare and brown ;
Again—and again—he sees them roll—
There are whales in the bay—a shoal ! a shoal !

V.

In the fulness of his joy, his face
Reddens—and his quick eager shout,
Echoing over that silent place,
Calls the enquiring people out.
“ The whales ! ” he cries—and to behold
Come the youthful and the old ;
Come the feeble and the strong ;
Men and women and girls ; with boys,
That whether for right, or whether for wrong,
Delight in the tumult and the noise ;
Rushing down with trampling feet,
And cries that the echoing hills repeat.

VI.

And now the uproar thicker grows—
From side to side the clapper goes
In the kirk bell, as if its power
Had been redoubled for this hour ;
As if in such a cause inspired,
It summon'd with gladness all its flock ;

And flags are waved, and guns are fired,
And bonfires kindled on the rock ;
And that lone isle of the Western sea
Prepares for a day of jubilee.

VII.

“ Leviathan ! Leviathan ! ”

The minister cries, and shuts his book ;
And though a man of peace is he,
As a preacher of the Word should be,
He takes his musket from a nook,
Rusty and old ; and hastes away
To join his people in the bay.

VIII.

His daughters fair have saddled their steeds,
Two young ponies sleek and brown ;
And with flashing eyes and streaming hair,
And heads uncover'd, have gallop'd down
To see the sport—perchance to share.
Old men have left their usual place
By warm firesides, to join the chase,
And one bedridden, half-crazy soul
Has started up at the people's roar,
And the joyous cry “ a shoal ! a shoal ! ”
And hobbled on crutches to his door,

To envy the limbs of the passers-by,
And watch the sport with kindling eye.

IX.

The women have left their spinning-wheels,
Their hose, their nets, their fishing-creels,
And arm'd themselves with pikes and staves
To follow the monsters of the waves.
Fifty boats at least are ready—
With rowers strong and helmsmen steady,
To drive the whales into shallow water,
And dye the beach with the blood of slaughter.

X.

Merrily ring the bells—
Merrily wave the flags—
Merrily shout the people
That watch upon the crags.
Merrily row the boats—
Merrily swell the sails—
And merrily go the islanders
To chase the mighty whales.
And quietly prays the preacher
For a blessing and reward
Upon harpoon and musket,
Upon the spear and sword,

That shall slay the great Leviathan,
For the glory of the Lord.

XI.

And steady—steady—steady—
Until their backs appear ;
And ready—ready—ready—
With the musket and the spear !
Behold the spouts upheaving—
Their sides the water cleaving—
A shot is fired—and a sudden roar
Proclaims approval on the shore ;
And barb'd harpoons with lengthening twine
Are launch'd unerring o'er the brine,
And the water-spouts, that a minute ago
Were clear as the discongealing snow,
Rise ruddy in air like founts of wine ;—
And the wounded whales, in their agony,
Plunge in fury through the sea,
And lash the waters into froth,
Blood-crimson'd by their pain and wrath.

XII.

In vain ye struggle—luckless whales ;—
Your numbers were a score—
But ten of you shall not escape
To swim the salt seas more.

For ye have come to a needy land,
And to a perilous shore,
Where they will turn your bones to wealth—
Make coinage of your spoil,
And give their virgins when they wed
A dowry of your oil ;—
Where men will sit around their hearths,
Reposing from their toil,
And long that every day may see
Such slaughter and such revelry.

XIII.

Again—again—the muskets ring,
And scare the sea-birds on the wing ;
And not a shot is fired this day
That fails to reach its mark—and slay.
Strong hands impel the heavy spear,
Or drive the double-edged harpoon ;
And the fair bay, whose waters clear
Were stainless underneath the moon,
Shall roll to-night a darker flood,
And see its billows streak'd with blood.

XIV.

'Tis done—the unequal strife is o'er—
The dying whales are driven ashore ;
And long ere setting of the sun,

Their carcasses are hauled to land ;
Where, stretch'd unwieldy on the sand,
Men count the prizes they have won—
Twelve monsters huge, whose bones shall bring
Enjoyment for the wintry nights,
Whose oil shall make the wretched sing,
And fill the needy with delights.
And round about the children go,
With gladness fill'd to overflow,
To hear the joyous bells resound,
And see the bonfires blazing round.

XV.

This night shall mirth be unrestrain'd,
Its blood in quicker pulses driven ;
And many a flowing cup be drain'd,
And many a loving pledge be given ;
And even the minister himself
Shall lay his Bible on the shelf,
And join his elders o'er a bowl
To drink a welcome to the shoal.
And every dweller in the isle
Shall hold a festival the while,
And mark, in memory's tablets clear,
This day the fairest of the year.

THE WRAITH OF GARRY WATER.

I.

“ Go, Evan ! go ;—the heart you swore
In weal and woe alike to cherish,
You’ve broken by your cold deceit,
And thrown upon the world to perish.

II.

“ A woman’s curse is hard to bear—
But may be sooth’d, if love endeavour ;
But the curse of a man with hoary hair,
It weighs upon the soul for ever.

III.

“ And for the wrong that you have done,
Upon your head all sorrow gather.
And in your soul, for evermore,
Deep sink the curses of a father !”

IV.

The old man bared his gray, gray head,
And clasp'd his wither'd hands together ;
And Evan curl'd his lip in scorn,
And rode his way across the heather.

V.

“ Why should I heed this dotard's words ?
The needle from the pole will vary—
And time will wear, and hearts will change ;—
I love no more his bonnie Mary.

VI.

“ I trust that happy she may be,
Nor pine with sorrow overladen ;
And she may love another man,
And I will love another maiden.”

VII.

The night was fair—the moon was up—
The wind blew low among the gowans ;
Or fitful rose o'er Athol woods,
And shook the berries from the rowans.

VIII.

And Evan rode through Garry strath,
And quite forgot the old man's daughter ;
And when he came to Garry stream,
It ran a red and roaring water.

IX.

The summer rains had fallen fast,
The voice of streams made music merry ;
And brae-side burnies leap'd and danced,
And mingled in the tide of Garry.

X.

And Bruar raised a joyful shout,
And Tilt to Ben-Y-Gloe resounded ;
And Tummel in the pride of strength,
Down to his fall, rejoicing, bounded.

XI.

Green were the birks on Garry braes,
Soft through their leaves the moon was peeping ;
And 'mid the heather on the rock,
There sat a bonnie maiden weeping.

XII.

Her kirtle seem'd of velvet green ;
Her robes were azure, loosely flowing ;
Her eyes shone bright amid her tears ;
Her lips were fresh as gowans growing.

XIII.

“ What brings thee here, my lily-flower ?
High on the strath the storm-winds tarry ;
The night is chill—the hour is late ;—
Why weep'st thou by the banks of Garry ? ”

XIV.

The maiden raised her tearful eyes,
And with her silvery voice replying,
Said, smoothing back her yellow locks,
And speaking low, and deeply sighing :—

XV.

“ Though dark and swift the waters pour,
Yet here I wait in dool and sorrow ;
For bitter fate must I endure,
Unless I pass the stream ere morrow.

XVI.

“ Oh ! aid me in this deep distress,
Nor seek its causes to unravel ;
My strength, alas ! is weak at best,
And I am worn with toil and travel.”

XVII.

“ Though swift,” said Evan, “ is the flood,
My good bay mare is strong and steady ;
So trust thee, lassie, to my care,
And quickly mount and make thee ready.

XVIII.

“ For one glance of those eyes of blue,
Thy bonnie burden I will carry ;
For one kiss of those honey lips,
I'll guide thee o'er the raging Garry.

XIX.

“ What is it ails my good bay mare ?
What is it makes her start and shiver ?
She sees a Kelpie in the stream,
Or fears the rushing of the river.

XX.

“ Ah, coward jade !——but heed her not,
For, maiden dear, we may not tarry ;—
The beast has swum a swifter flood ;
I'll see thee safely through the Garry.”

XXI.

They mounted on the good bay mare—
But vainly Evan strove to guide her ;
Through all her frame a terror crept—
She trembled at her bonnie rider.

XXII.

Then as she heard the maiden's voice,
And felt her gentle fingers pat her,
She gave a neigh as loud and shrill
As if an evil sprite had sat her.

XXIII.

And with a desperate bound she sprang
High from the bank into the current ;
While sounds of laughter seem'd to mix
Amid the roaring of the torrent.

XXIV.

The waters rush'd in eddying whirls,
And dash'd the foam-drops o'er the heather ;
And winds, that seem'd asleep till then,
Let loose their fury altogether.

XXV.

Down—down—th' awaken'd tempest blew—
And faster down, the flood came pouring--
And horse and riders, overwhelm'd,
Sank 'mid the rush of waters roaring.

XXVI.

But on the surface of the flood,
Her yellow locks with spray-fall dripping,
The maiden with the kirtle green
And azure robes came lightly tripping.

XXVII.

And now she sank, now rose again,
And dash'd the waves in rain-like shiver ;
Then lay afloat, or tiptoe stood
Upon the foam-bells of the river :—

XXVIII.

And laugh'd the while, and clapp'd her hands—
Until at last the storm subsided,
When, like a gleam of parting light,
Away upon the mist she glided.

XXIX.

And Evan's corpse at morn was found,
Far down by Tummel, pale and mangled,
His features bruised by jutting rocks,
His auburn curls with gore entangled.

XXX.

Few were the mourners at his grave,
But 'mid them two, a sire and daughter;
And loud she sobb'd, and loud she wépt,
Though tenderly her sire besought her.

XXXI.

“He loved me,—and he did me wrong,”
She said, “and darken'd all my morrow;
But in his grave Resentment sleeps,
While Love survives to feed on sorrow.”

SONGS AND POEMS.

Πολλὰς δ' ὁδὸς ἐλθὼντα φροντίδος πλάνοις.

SOPHOCLES.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

ADVICE TO AN ASPIRANT.

IF thou wouldst win a lasting fame ;
If thou th' immortal wreath wouldst claim,
And make the Future bless thy name ;

Begin thy perilous career ;—
Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear ;—
And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within,
That ever whispers, “ Work and win,”
And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin :

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed :

If thou canst struggle day and night,
And, in the envious world's despite,
Still keep thy cynosure in sight :

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn ;
Nor curse the day that thou wert born,
To feed on husks, and he on corn :

If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that Fortune is unjust :

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dress'd,
Whilst thou must walk in tatter'd vest :

If thou canst rise ere break of day,
And toil and moil till evening gray,
At thankless work, for scanty pay :

If in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
Of those who strive to pull thee down :

If thou canst bear th' averted face,
The gibe, or treacherous embrace,
Of those who run the selfsame race :

If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind :—

Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on—true soul !
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal.

If not—what matters ? tried by fire,
And purified from low desire,
Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,
And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy
Thy secret peace, thy inward joy.

But if so bent on worldly fame,
That thou must gild thy living name,
And snatch the honours of the game,

And hast not strength to watch and pray,
To seize thy time and force thy way,
By some new combat every day :

If failure might thy soul oppress,
And fill thy veins with heaviness,
And make thee love thy kind the less ;

F

Thy fame might rivalry forestall,
And thou let tears or curses fall,
Or turn thy wholesome blood to gall ;—

Pause-ere thou tempt the hard career—
Thou'lt find the conflict too severe,
And heart will break and brain will sear.

Content thee with a meaner lot ;
Go plough thy field, go build thy cot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

THE FOUNDING OF THE BELL

[MUSIC BY HENRY RUSSELL.]

I.

HARK ! how the furnace pants and roars,
Hark ! how the molten metal pours,
As, bursting from its iron doors,
 It glitters in the sun.
Now through the ready mould it flows,
Seething and hissing as it goes,
And filling every crevice up
As the red vintage fills the cup :
 Hurra ! the work is done !

II.

Unswathe him now. Take off each stay
That binds him to his couch of clay,
And let him struggle into day :
 Let chain and pulley run,

With yielding crank and steady rope,
Until he rise from rim to cope,
In rounded beauty, ribb'd in strength,
Without a flaw in all his length :

Hurra ! the work is done !

III.

The clapper on his giant side
Shall ring no peal for blushing bride,
For birth, or death, or new-year tide,
Or festival begun !

A nation's joy alone shall be
The signal for his revelry ;
And for a nation's woes alone
His melancholy tongue shall moan :

Hurra ! the work is done !

IV.

Borne on the gale, deep-toned and clear,
His long loud summons shall we hear,
When statesmen to their country dear

Their mortal race have run :

When mighty monarchs yield their breath,
And patriots sleep the sleep of death,
Then shall he raise his voice of gloom,
And peal a requiem o'er their tomb :

Hurra ! the work is done !

V.

Should foemen lift their haughty hand,
And dare invade us where we stand,
Fast by the altars of our land

We'll gather every one :

And he shall ring the loud alarm,
To call the multitudes to arm,
From distant field and forest brown,
And teeming alleys of the town :

Hurra ! the work is done !

VI.

And as the solemn boom they hear,
Old men shall grasp the idle spear,
Laid by to rust for many a year,
And to the struggle run ;
Young men shall leave their toils or books,
Or turn to swords their pruning-hooks ;
And maids have sweetest smiles for those
Who battle with their country's foes :

Hurra ! the work is done !

VII.

And when the cannon's iron throat
Shall bear the news to dells remote,
And trumpet-blast resound the note,
That victory is won :

When down the wind the banner drops,
And bonfires blaze on mountain-tops,
His sides shall glow with fierce delight,
And ring glad peals from morn to night :

Hurra! the work is done!

VIII.

But of such scenes forbear to tell—
May never War awake this bell
To sound the tocsin or the knell.

Hush'd be the alarum gun.
Sheath'd be the sword! and may his voice
But call the nations to rejoice
That War his tatter'd flag has furl'd,
And vanish'd from a wiser world.

Hurra! the work is done!

IX.

Still may he ring when struggles cease,
Still may he ring for joy's increase,
For progress in the arts of peace,

And friendly trophies won.
When rival nations join their hands,
When plenty crowns the happy lands,
When knowledge gives new blessings birth,
And freedom reigns o'er all the earth.

Hurra! the work is done!

THE VOICE OF THE TIME.

I.

DAY unto day utters speech—

Be wise, O ye nations! and hear

What yesterday telleth to-day,

What to-day to the morrow will preach.

A change cometh over our sphere,

And the old goeth down to decay.

A new light hath dawn'd on the darkness of yore,

And men shall be slaves and oppressors no more.

II.

Hark to the throbbing of thought,

In the breast of the wakening world :—

Over land, over sea, it hath come.

The serf that was yesterday bought,

To-day his defiance hath hurl'd,

No more in his slavery dumb ;

And to-morrow will break from the fetters that bind,

And lift a bold arm for the rights of mankind.

III.

Hark to the voice of the Time !

The multitude think for themselves,

And weigh their condition, each one.

The drudge has a spirit sublime,

And whether he hammers or delves,

He reads when his labour is done ;

And learns, though he groan under penury's ban,

That freedom to think is the birthright of man.

IV.

But yesterday thought was confined ;

To breathe it was peril or death,

And it sank in the breast where it rose ;—

Now, free as the midsummer wind,

It sports its adventurous breath,

And round the wide universe goes ;

The mist and the cloud from its pathway are curl'd,

And glimpses of sunshine illumine the world.

V.

The voice of opinion has grown ;

'Twas yesterday changeful and weak,

Like the voice of a boy ere his prime,

To-day it has taken the tone

Of an orator worthy to speak,

Who knows the demands of the time ;

And to-morrow 'twill sound in Oppression's cold ear
Like the trump of the seraph to startle our sphere.

VI.

Be wise, O ye rulers of earth !

And shut not your ears to the voice,

Nor allow it to warn you in vain ;

True freedom, of yesterday's birth,

Will march on its way and rejoice,

And never be conquer'd again.

The day has a tongue—ay, the hours utter speech—

Wise, wise will ye be, if ye learn what they teach !

TUBAL CAIN.

[MUSIC BY HENRY RUSSELL.]

I.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young ;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung ;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet showers,
As he fashion'd the sword and spear.
And he sang—" Hurra for my handiwork !
Hurra for the spear and sword !
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord !"

II.

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire :
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang—" Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew !
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true !"

III.

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain
For the evil he had done ;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said—" Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man !"

IV.

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoulder'd low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang—" Hurra for my handiwork !"
And the red sparks lit the air ;
" Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made ;"
And he fashion'd the first ploughshare.

V.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship join'd their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plough'd the willing lands ;
And sang—" Hurra for Tubal Cain !
Our stanch good friend is he ;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword !"

LIFE'S COMPANIONS.

I.

WHEN I set sail on Life's young voyage,
'Twas upon a stormy sea :
But to cheer me night and day,
Through the perils of the way,
With me went companions three—
Three companions kind and faithful,
Dearer far than friend or bride ;
Heedless of the stormy weather,
Hand in hand they came together,
Ever smiling at my side.

II.

One was HEALTH, my lusty comrade,
Cherry-cheek'd and stout of limb ;

Though my board was scant of cheer,
And my drink but water clear,

I was thankful, bless'd with him.

One was mild-eyed PEACE OF SPIRIT,

Who, though storms the welkin swept,
Waking gave me calm reliance,
And though tempests howl'd defiance,
Smooth'd my pillow when I slept.

III.

One was HOPE, my dearest comrade,

Never absent from my breast,
Brightest in the darkest days,
Kindest in the roughest ways,
Dearer far than all the rest.

And though Wealth, nor Fame, nor Station,

Journey'd with me o'er the sea ;
Stout of heart, all danger scorning,
Nought cared I in Life's young morning
For their lordly company.

IV.

But, alas ! ere night has darken'd,

I have lost companions twain ;
And the third, with tearful eyes,
Worn and wasted, often flies,
But as oft returns again.

And, instead of those departed,
Spectres twin around me flit ;
Pointing each, with shadowy finger,
Nightly at my couch they linger ;
Daily at my board they sit.

V.

Oh, that I so blindly follow'd
In the hot pursuit of Wealth !
Though I've gain'd the prize of gold,
Eyes are dim, and blood is cold—
I have lost my comrade, HEALTH.
CARE instead, the wither'd beldam,
Steals th' enjoyment from my cup :
Hugs me, that I cannot quit her ;
Makes my choicest morsels bitter ;
Seals the founts of pleasure up.

VI.

Woe is me that Fame allured me—
She so false and I so blind !
Sweet her smiles, but in the chase
I have lost the happy face
Of my comrade PEACE OF MIND ;
And instead, REMORSE, pale phantom,
Tracks my feet where'er I go ;
All the day I see her scowling,

In my sleep I hear her howling,
Wildly flitting to and fro.

VII.

Last of all my dear companions,
HOPE! sweet Hope! befriend me yet.
Do not from my side depart,
Do not leave my lonely heart
All to darkness and regret.
Short and sad is now my voyage
O'er this gloom-encompass'd sea,
But not cheerless altogether,
Whatsoever the wind and weather,
Will it seem, if bless'd with thee.

VIII.

Dim thine eyes are, turning earthwards,
Shadowy pale, and thin thy form :—
Turn'd to heaven thine eyes grow bright,
All thy form expands in light,
Soft and beautiful and warm.
Look then upwards! lead me heavenwards!
Guide me o'er this darkening sea!
Pale Remorse shall fade before me,
And the gloom shall brighten o'er me,
If I have a friend in *Thee*.

LOVE AWEARY OF THE WORLD.

I.

OH! my love is very lovely,
In her mind all beauties dwell;
She is robed in living splendour,
Grace and modesty attend her,
And I love her more than well.
But I'm weary, weary, weary,
To despair my soul is hurl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world!

II.

She is kind to all about her,
For her heart is pity's throne;
She has smiles for all men's gladness,
She has tears for every sadness,
She is hard to me alone.

And I'm weary, weary, weary,
From a love-lit summit hurl'd ;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world !

III.

When my words are words of wisdom
All her spirit I can move,
At my wit her eyes will glisten,
But she flies, and will not listen,
If I dare to speak of love.
Oh ! I'm weary, weary, weary,
By a storm of passions whirl'd ;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world !

IV.

True, that there are others fairer—
Fairer ?—No, that cannot be—
Yet some maids of equal beauty,
High in soul and firm in duty,
May have kinder hearts than she.
Why, my heart, so weary, weary,
To and fro by passion whirl'd ?—
Why so weary, weary, weary,
Why so weary of the world ?

V.

Were my love but passing fancy,
To another I might turn ;
But I'm doom'd to love unduly
One who will not answer truly,
And who freezes when I burn.
And I'm weary, weary, weary.
To despair my soul is hurl'd ;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world !

THE LOVER'S SECOND THOUGHTS ON WORLD WEARINESS.

I.

HEART ! take courage ! 'tis not worthy
For a woman's scorn to pine,
If her cold indifference wound thee,
There are remedies around thee
For such malady as thine.
Be no longer weary, weary,
From thy love-lit summits hurl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world !

II.

If thou must be loved by woman,
Seek again—the world is wide ;
It is full of loving creatures,
Fair in form, and mind, and features—
Choose among them for thy bride.

Be no longer weary, weary,
To and fro by passion whirl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world !

III.

Or if Love should lose thy favour,
Try the paths of honest fame,
Climb Parnassus' summit hoary,
Carve thy way by deeds of glory,
Write on History's page thy name.
Be no longer weary, weary,
To the depths of sorrow hurl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world !

IV.

Or if these shall fail to move thee,
Be the phantoms unpursued,
Try a charm that will not fail thee
When old age and grief assail thee—
Try the charm of doing good.
Be no longer weak and weary,
By the storms of passion whirl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world !

V.

Love is fleeting and uncertain,

And can hate where it adored,

Chase of glory wears the spirit,

Fame not always follows merit,

Goodness is its own reward.

Be no longer weary, weary,

From thine happy summit hurl'd ;

Be no longer weary, weary,

Weary, weary of the world !

THE DROP OF WATER.

I.

ALONE, amid a million souls,
Round him the tide of people rolls ;
But lorn and desolate is he,
None heeding what his lot may be—
A drop of water in the sea.

II.

'Mid all the crowds that round him swarm,
He feels for him no heart will warm ;
There is not one that knows his name,
Or cares to ask him whence he came ;
His life or death to them the same.

III.

The rich man's chariot passes by,
And lackeys with a saucy eye,
From outside plush and inward meals,
Grin at him, as the rattling wheels
Splash him all o'er, from head to heels.

IV.

He walketh on, a friendless boy,
With much of hope, with little joy ;
Elbow'd for ever by the proud,
As if they grudged the room allow'd
To this mean mortal in the crowd.

V.

On through the busy mass he goes,
But whither bent he scarcely knows ;
Through lane and street, and park and square,
And looks at wealth he may not share,
Though he is hungry and half bare.

VI.

For him amid these houses small—
For him amid these mansions tall,
There is not one, where he could go
And say, " I am a child of woe,
To cheer me let the wine-cup flow."

VII.

No ; he is friendless and alone—
To no one are his sorrows known—
His hope, or joy, or grief, or fear,
There is not one would care to hear,
Or say the word, " Be thou of cheer ! "

VIII.

And evil thoughts will sometimes rise,
When flaunting wealth affronts his eyes;
Envy, perchance, and discontent,
That he into this world was sent—
No good with all his evils blent.

IX.

“No good?” saith he. “Ah, surely wrong!
Fresh health and youth to me belong;
And from endurance I can learn
Still to endure, and never turn
From the high thoughts with which I burn.”

X.

And still within himself he says,
“Each man must pass his evil days—
Each man should suffer ere his prime,
If up the world’s high steeps he’d climb,
Some grief, to fit him for his time.

XI.

“I am not all alone nor sad,
The face of Nature makes me glad,
The breath of morn, the evening’s sigh,
The contemplation of the sky,
That fills my soul with yearnings high;—

G

XII.

“ The leafy glory of the woods,
The rushing of the mountain floods,
The wind that bends the lofty tree,
The roaring of the eternal sea,—
All yield an inward joy to me.

XIII.

“ I find a pleasure in the sight
Of meadows green and corn-fields bright;
I find a pleasure in the lay
Of birds that hail the breaking day,
Or warble to the moonlight gray.

XIV.

“ If no man loves me, Nature's voice
Is kind, and bids my heart rejoice ;
The path I go, true souls have trod,
I will look upwards from the clod,
With a firm heart, and trust in God.”

XV.

And thus he walks from hour to hour,
From day to day, and gains new power
Over himself, and undismay'd,
In conscious rectitude array'd,
He labours as his impulse bade.

XVI.

He looks on hardship, and it sinks ;
He measures peril, and it shrinks ;
Before him difficulties fly,
Scared by that quietude of eye,
Serene to suffer or defy.

XVII.

And still, 'mid the perennial strife
With worldly things that makes his life,
He never plays the worldling's part,
Or ever from his grateful heart,
Allows the freshness to depart.

XVIII.

Amid the city's ceaseless hum,
Still to his soul the visions come
Of the green woodlands far away,
Where in communion all the day
With Nature, he was wont to stray.

XIX.

And mixing with his fellows still
He finds some good amid the ill ;
And pitying those whose souls are blind,
Nor hating those of evil mind,
He learns to love all human kind.

XX.

To him all errors of the past
Teach wisdom where his lot is cast ;
And after struggles hard and long,
With self, and with temptation strong,
And pride that sought to lead him wrong,

XXI.

He learns this truth ; that nought below
Can lasting recompense bestow
But Virtue ;—that the Love of Fame
Is something better than a name,
If Love of Virtue feed its flame ;—

XXII.

That to the mind not mured in self,
Nor toiling for the love of pelf,
Wealth may be worth its cost of brain,
That gives the power to solace pain,
And lift the fallen up again.

XXIII.

Take courage, ye who wander here,
Lonely and sad, and be of cheer !
This man, who had no aids to climb,
But his true heart and soul sublime,
Lives in the annals of his time.

XXIV.

So, by an ever-wise decree,
The drop of water in the sea,
Awakens to a glorious birth,
Becomes a pearl of matchless worth,
And shines resplendent in the earth.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

A LONDON STORY.

UPON the solitary bridge the light
Shone dim ;—the wind swept howling on its way,
And tower and spire stood hidden in the gray
Half-darkness of the raw and rainy night ;
When one, still young and fair, with eyes mad-bright,
Paced up and down, and with a look of woe,
Gazed on the waters gliding black below,
Or the dull houses, looming on her sight ;
And said within herself, “ Can I endure
Longer this weight of misery and scorn ?
Ah, no ! Love-blighted—sick at heart—and poor—
Deceived—undone—and utterly forlorn !—
Why should I live ? Forgive me, Lord ! ” she cried—
Sprang sudden to the brink—dash’d headlong down—
and died !

THE DEATH OF PAN.

[In the reign of Tiberius, an extraordinary voice was heard near the Echinades, in the Ægean Sea, which exclaimed, "Great Pan is dead!"—PLUTARCH.]

BEHOLD the vision of the death of Pan.—

I saw a shadow on the mountain side,
As of a Titan wandering on the cliffs ;
Godlike his stature, but his head was bent
Upon his breast, in agony of woe ;
And a voice rose upon the wintry wind,
Wailing and moaning—" Weep, ye nations, weep !
Great Pan is dying :—mourn me, and lament !
My steps shall echo on the hills no more ;
Dumb are mine oracles—my fires are quench'd,
My doom is spoken, and I die—I die !"

The full moon shone upon the heaving sea,
And in the light, with tresses all unbound,
Their loose robes dripping, and with eyes downcast,
The nymphs arose, a pallid multitude ;

Lovely but most forlorn, and thus they sang,
With voice of sorrow—" Never—never more,
In these cool waters shall we lave our limbs ;—
Never, oh never more ! in sportive dance
Upon these crested billows shall we play ;—
Nor at the call of prayer-o'erburden'd men
Appear in answer ; for our hour is come ;
Great Pan has fallen, and we die ! we die !"

Emerging slowly from the trackless woods,
And from the umbrageous caverns of the hills,
Their long hair floating on the rough cold winds ;
Their faces pale ; their eyes suffused with tears ;
The Dryads and the Oreads made their moan :—
" Never, oh never more !" distraught, they cried,
" Upon the mossy banks of these green woods,
Shall we make music all the summer's day ;—
Never again at morn or noon or night,
Upon the flowery sward, by fount or stream,
Shall our light footsteps mingle in the dance ;—
Never again, discoursing from the leaves,
And twisted branches of these sacred oaks,
Shall we make answer at a mortal's call !
Our hour is come, our fire of life is quench'd ;
Our voices fade ; our oracles are mute ;
Behold our agony ;—we die ! we die !"
And as they sang, their unsubstantial forms

Grew pale and lineless, and dispersed in air ;
While from the innermost and darkest nooks,
Deepest embower'd amid those woods antique,
A voice most mournful echo'd back their plaint,
And cried—" *Oh Misery ! they die ! they die !* "

Then pass'd a shadow on the moon's pale disc ;
And to the dust, in ecstasy of awe,
I bent adoring. On the mountain-tops
Thick darkness crept, and silence deep as death's
Pervaded Nature : The wind sank—the leaves
Forbore to flutter on the bending boughs,
And breathing things were motionless as stones,
As earth, revolving on her mighty wheel,
Eclipsed in utter dark the lamp of Heaven ;
And a loud voice, amid that gloom sublime,
Was heard from shore to sea, from sea to shore,
Startling the nations at the unwonted sound,
And swelling on the ear of mariners
Far tossing on their solitary barks,
A month's long voyage from the nearest land—
" *Great Pan has fallen, for ever, ever more !* "

The shadow pass'd—light broke upon the world ;
And Nature smiled rejoicing in the beam
Of a new morning blushing from the East ;
And sounds of music seem'd to fill the air,

And angel voices to exclaim on high,
"Great Pan has fallen! and never more his creed
Shall chain the free intelligence of man.
The Christ is born, to purify the earth;
To raise the lowly, to make rich the poor,
To teach a faith of charity and love.
Rejoice! rejoice! an error has expired;
And the new Truth shall reign for evermore!"

THE ARRIVING TRAIN.

DARTMOUTH ARMS' STATION : CROYDON RAILWAY,

APRIL 28, 1844.

BEHOLD, smoke-panoplied, the wondrous car !

Strong and impetuous, but obedient still ;

Behold it comes, loud panting from afar,

As if it lived, and of its own fierce will

Ran a free race with wild winds blowing shrill !

Fire-bowell'd, iron-ribb'd, of giant length,

Snake-like, it comes exulting in its strength,

The pride of art—the paragon of skill !

Triumph of mind ! what hand thy bound shall mark ?

Lo ! through the curtain of the coming time,

Seen looming palpably 'mid cloud and dark,

Yet other triumphs, more than this sublime,

Rise numerous on the far-seeing ken

Of those who watch, and hope the good of men.

LOVE IN HATE.

ONCE I thought I could adore him,
Rich or poor, beloved the same ;
Now I hate him, and abhor him—
Now I loathe his very name—
Spurn'd at, when I sued for pity—
Robb'd of peace and virgin fame.

If my hatred could consume him,
Soul and body, heart and brain ;
If my will had power to doom him
To eternity of pain ;
I would strike—and die, confessing
That I had not lived in vain.

Oh, if in my bosom lying,
I could work him deadly scathe !
Oh, if I could clasp him, dying,
And receive his parting breath—

In one burst of burning passion
I would kiss him into death !

I would cover with embraces
Lips, that once his love confess'd,
And that falsest of false faces,
Mad, enraptured, unrepress'd ;—
Then in agony of pity
I would die upon his breast.

THE TWO NIGHTINGALES.

AN APOLOGUE FOR POETS.

IN the deep quiet of an ancient wood,
Two nightingales, that since the sun had set
Had fill'd the enraptured solitude with song,
Sat silent for awhile, and thus began,
One with the other, interchange of thoughts.

“I'm weary,” said the one with weakest voice,
“Of singing all night long to these dull boughs,
With none to listen to my heavenly notes.
What are to me these green insensate woods,
Yon moon and stars, and the unheeding sky?
I would have lovers wander in the shade
At twilight hour, to listen to my voice
And call it beautiful. I would have youths,
Teeming with gentle fancies, quit their books,
And bend a willing ear to my sweet strains:

I would have sages hearken to my lay,
And own me poet of the pensive night.
Why should I waste my music on the winds,
Or how sing on, abandon'd to neglect ?
I will away, and force the callous crowd
To be delighted. Through some city vast
My voice shall sound, till busy men shall stop,
And to my floods of swelling melody
Give ear enraptured. Brother, come away !”

“ No,” said the other—“ I am happy here ;
To me all needless is the world’s applause.
Amid these oaks, surrounded by these hills,
Lull’d by the dash of waters down the rocks,
Look’d on by moon and stars, leave me to sing.
My breast is full—my song an utterance
Of joy, that gives me joy to breathe it forth ;
My song its own reward.—Why should I court
The ear of men, or pine in useless grief
That hither comes no audience for my lays ?
Mine is a hymn of Gratitude and Love,
An overflowing from my inmost heart ;
And if men listen and are pleased, not less
My pleasure in administering to theirs.
But if none care to hear my melodies,
Not the less happy would I be to sing.”

“Thou poor in spirit!” said the first; “Not mine
This dull contentment, this ignoble peace,—
To which I leave thee. On adventurous wing
I take my flight to the abodes of men,
And they shall honour and exalt my name:—
So fare thee well!” and as he said, he flew
From his companion, scorning his low mind;
And ere the morning reach’d, on pinions free,
A vast, smoke-mantled, dim metropolis,
With domes and columns, spires and monuments,
And multitudinous chimneys tall as these,
Towering towards the ever hazy sky;
And here alighting on a house-top, sat,
And look’d about him. Far on every side
Stretch’d the long line of streets and thoroughfares,
Tro’d by a busy and impatient mass;
Church-bells rang heavily on the morning air,
And chariots rattled o’er the dusty stones.
Loud was the roaring of the multitude,
Loud was the clink of hammers on the ear,
And loud the whirling of incessant wheels,
Pistons and pumps, revolving cylinders,
And ever-hissing steam in factories vast.
But nothing daunted by the hubbub round,
And conscious of some utterance in himself,
The ambitious nightingale began his song.
’Twas a forced effort in the eye of day,

For bird like him, by night alone inspired.
But still he sang, and on the smoky air
Pour'd a full stream of no mean music forth.
Till sunny noon, till lamplit eve, he sang,
But no one listen'd. All men were absorb'd
In the pursuit of pleasure or of gain,
And had no time for melodies like his.
Weary at heart the nightingale became,
And disappointment rankled into hate;—
“Alas!” said he, “the age of song is past!
I'm born too late;—merit has no reward;—
The cold, unfeeling, and most grovelling crowd
Forsakes dear Poesy for love of wealth,
And all forlorn and desolate am I.”

So saying, he outstretch'd his wings, and fled
Back to his solitude, and sang no more;
And living voiceless—angry with himself,
And with the world—he died before his time,
And left no mourner to lament his fate.

The other nightingale, more wise than he,
With fuller voice and music more divine,
Stay'd in the woods, and sang but when inspired
By the sweet breathing of the midnight wind—
By the mysterious twinkling of the stars—
By adoration of the Great Supreme—

By Beauty in all-hues and forms around—
By Love and Hope, and Gratitude and Joy ;
And thus inspired, the atmosphere was rife
With the prolong'd sweet music that he made.
He sought no listeners—heedless of applause—
But sang as the stars shone, from inward light,
A blessing to himself and all who heard.

The cotter, wending weary to his home,
Linger'd full oft to listen to his song,
And felt 'twas beautiful, and bless'd the strain ;
And lonely students, wandering in the woods,
Loved nature more because this bird had sung.

THE WANDERERS BY THE SEA.

ANOTHER APOLOGUE FOR POETS.

I SAW a crowd of people on the shore
Of a deep, dark, illimitable sea ;
Pale-faced they were, and turn'd their eyes to earth,
And stoop'd low down, and gazed upon the sands ;
And ever and anon they roam'd about,
Backwards or forwards ; and whene'er they stopp'd
It was to gather on the weedy beach
The dulse and tangles, or the fruitful shells,
Whose living tenants fasten'd to the rocks
They pluck'd away, and listlessly devour'd.

And when they'd eaten all their fill, they sat
One by the other on the placid shore,
And with much labour and incessant care
Polish'd the shells, until to brightest hues,
Various and intermingling, they were wrought ;
And these they hung around their necks and limbs,

And look'd each other in the face, and smiled.
This done, they wander'd on the shore again,
And ate and ate, and drank and drank, and slept,
Day after day—night after night—the same.

Meanwhile the firmament was bright with stars,
And from the clouds aërial voices came
In tones of melody, now low, now loud ;
Angelic forms were hovering around
In robes of white and azure ;—heaven itself
Appear'd to open and invite the gaze
Of these poor stooping earth-enamour'd crowds.
But they ne'er look'd, nor heard. Though the deep sea
Flash'd phosphorescent; though, dim seen afar,
The white sails and the looming hulls of ships
Gleam'd through the darkness, and the pregnant air
Gave birth to visions swathed in golden fire—
They look'd not. Though the heavenly voices call'd,
And told them of the world of life and light,
Of Beauty, Power, Love, Mystery, and Joy,
That lay beyond, and might be seen of those,
However lowly, that would lift their eyes—
They heeded not, nor heard ; but wander'd on,
Plucking their weeds and gathering their shells.
And if they heard the murmur of the sea
That bore them tidings of the Infinite—
They knew it not ; but lay them idly down,
Thought of the morrow's food, and sank to sleep.

And when they woke, with their care-deaden'd eyes,
And pallid faces, and toil-burden'd backs,
Began once more their customary search
Upon the bare and melancholy sands ;
As if that search were all the end of life,
And all things else but nothingness and void.

But 'mid that low-brow'd multitude were some
Of larger faculties, and foreheads fair,
Laden with knowledge : and of eyes that beam'd
Intelligence, and quick desire to know ;—
Who saw the visions teeming in the air ;
Who heard the voices breathing in the sky ;
Who o'er the illimitable waters stretch'd
Their eager gaze, and through the gloom descried
Shadows of beauty, which, but half reveal'd,
Added a wonder to their loveliness ;—
Who heard celestial music night and morn
Play'd in the lap of ocean, or attuned
To every motion of the ceaseless wind ;—
Who heard th' harmonious cadence of the stars ;
Who saw the angels with their azure wings ;
And lifted up their voices in a song
Of praise and joy, that not from them was hidden,
By blinding avarice and worldly care
Of shells and sea-weed, all th' immensity
Of nature—all th' infinitude of heaven—
And all the hope, bright as a certainty,

That here, upon this low and gloomy shore,
Our life is but a germ, that shall expand
To fruit and foliage in a brighter clime.

And all of these spake to the crowd in song,
And bade them lift their dull earth-bending eyes,
And see how beautiful were Life and Time;
And bade them listen to the eternal chant
Of nature, overflowing with its joy,
And the mysterious hymn for ever sung
By earth to heaven, of which their words inspired
Were the interpreters to human kind.

And some of these were angry with the crowd,
Who would not listen, and whose ears were vex'd
With all that would distract them from their shells,
And wallowing dulse and tangles on the shore.

But one of them with venerable hair,
And a large brow, and face serene as heaven,
Rebuked them for their wrath with mild sad words,
And said—"Oh brothers, weary not your souls!
If they are happy with their weeds and shells,
Let them alone:—And if their hearts prefer
Pebbles to stars, and sound of their own feet
Plashing amid the waters, to the song
Of angels, and the music of the spheres—
Let them alone. Why should ye vex yourselves?
Are ye not happy that to your keen sight
Those things are shown which they refuse to see?

Are ye not happy that your ears can hear
The oracles of Nature, mute to them ?
That ye are priests and prophets, though contemn'd ?
Brothers !—be wise—make music to your minds !
For he who singeth from his own full heart
Has his reward even in the utterance.
Brothers !—be wise—and sing your songs in peace !”

REAL AND IDEAL.

A COLLOQUY.

I.

Two friends were sitting in a chamber fair,
Hung round with pictures, and in every nook
Fill'd with choice tomes and busts and marbles rare.
One sat apart—and one with listless look
Turn'd o'er, unread, the pages of a book ;
Both young—and one who seem'd with sadness fraught,
Thus to the other breathed his secret thought.

II.

“ I'm weary, Basil, of this ceaseless din :—
The world hath beat against my heart, and worn,
By the rude contact of its vice and sin,
The purity and freshness of its morn—
Tutor'd in callousness, adept in scorn,
Virtue and Friendship, Honour, Love, and Fame,
Are things to me no more, each dwindled to a name.

III.

" I'm weary of the world, and daily sigh
For some green resting-place—some forest cave,
Guarded by distance from the intruding eye
Of civil fool and sycophantic knave—
With none to flatter me, and cringe and crave
For driblets of the gold which I despise,
And all who ask it with their fawning eyes.

IV.

" I'm weary of this pomp and ceaseless thrall,
And pine for peace in wild-woods far away ;
Though gold the fetters, still they chafe and gall—
Though jewel-hilted, still the sword will slay ;
Though set with diamonds of the richest ray,
The glittering cup that held the poison-draught
Provides no antidote to him that quaff'd.

V.

" I will away, and hide me in a bower ;—
Or roam the forest, climb the mountain-peak,
Or muse by waterfalls at evening's hour,
Or count the blushes on the morning's cheek ;
Or in deep silence of the midnight, seek
Communion with the stars, that I may know
How petty is this ball on which we come and go.

H

VI.

“ That I may learn what maggots on a crust
Are men on earth ; and then, perchance, I may
Find some revival of forgotten trust,
Some flower of faith fast fading to decay.—
Here in these hollow crowds, heart-sick I stray,
And find a void—and all my days I grieve
That nothing more is left me to believe.

VII.

“ Love ?—It is bought for miserable gold.
The fairest creature that the earth e’er saw,—
Fashion’d in beauty’s most delicious mould,
Modest, accomplish’d, pure without a flaw,
Would sell herself, with proper form of law,
For half my wealth ; and for a prize so great,
Would think me best of men, for sake of my estate.

VIII.

“ Friendship ?—Like midges on a beam, the horde
Throng numberless : and every man pretends
My virtues only lure him to my board—
He hath no selfish interest, no ends
To serve but mine. Oh kind, oh generous friends !
What would ye do should all the ducats fail—
Fail too—dissolving like the summer hail.

IX.

"Fame?—It is pleasant—but alas ! not worth
The panting and the toiling to acquire.
Is any object in this paltry earth
So great, that man should waste his soul of fire,
And carry in his heart the fierce desire
For threescore years, then die without the prize,
Which fools, meantime, have snatch'd before his eyes ?

X.

"What is there left ? Long studied in the schools
Of doubt and disbelief, my faith is dead :
I've measured God by algebraic rules,
And in a maze of logic long misled,
Having no faith, have set up Chance instead ;
Sought refuge in denial, to revolve
No more the problem which I cannot solve.

XI.

"I'm weary, weary, and would be alone,
Away from cities and their stifling crowd,
Far from the scenes where folly on her throne,
For rich and poor, for simple and for proud,
Utters her laws and proclamations loud.
I'm weary—and will hence, and hide in woods,
And feed on quiet in their solitudes."

XII.

“What?” said his friend—“Thou, Julian! steep'd in wealth,

The young, the handsome, and the nobly born,
Endow'd with choicest gifts of strength and health—

Dost thou indulge this misanthropic scorn,
And rail at Fortune in thy youth's fair morn?
And turn disgusted from enjoyment's cup,
With its rich liquor bubbling ever up?

XIII.

“Arouse thee from this lethargy of soul—

Shake off the weight that bears thy spirit down—
Tis but the offspring of the extra bowl
We drain'd last night. Smooth from thy brow the frown:
There hangs a gloom in the expectant town
When thou art sad:—Come, be thyself again,
Nor with the lore of fools bedull thy brain.

XIV.

“Hear my philosophy, and weigh with thine
The truer wisdom that my tongue shall teach:—
Not ever shall our noon of manhood shine,
Nor pleasure woo us with entrancing speech;
Not ever shall our arms have power to reach
The golden fruit, that hangs on every bough,
In the fair garden where we wander now.

XV.

“ Short on the earth is our allotted time,
And short our leisure to lament and weep ;
Nature, all bounteous, deems denial crime,
And sows a harvest for the wise to reap.
So fill the goblet high—but drain not deep ;
And if at morn you toil, at evening rest—
To-day’s denial is to-morrow’s zest.

XVI.

“ Be temperate only to enjoy the more—
So shall no dainty on thy palate pall ;
And cease with fools and zealots to deplore
That earth’s no heaven, and man not perfect all :
Still make the best of whatsoe’er befall,
Nor rail at Fortune, though the jade is blind,
Nor launch thy bitter scorn on human kind.

XVII.

“ Hope little—thou wilt be the less deceived—
In Love and Friendship be thy rule the same :
And if by Julia’s cruelty aggrieved,
At Rosa’s altar light another flame,—
And if she scorn thee, swear by Dora’s name ;—
Nor cling to either with so fond a heart
That it would cause thee half a pang to part.

XVIII.

“ For passion is the bane of mortal bliss,
The flame that scorches—not the ray that cheers ;
And every tragedy but teaches this—
Who sows in passion, reaps in blood and tears ;
And he who to his soul too much endears
The sweetest, best, and fairest of her kind,
But makes a despot to enthrall his mind.

XIX.

“ Nor let thy savage virtue take offence
If friends should love thee better rich than poor ;—
It may be feeling, but it is not sense—
Ripeness of heart, but judgment immature—
To look for friendship that shall aye endure ;
Or think the lamp would show the same bright ray
Should the oil fail, and riches melt away.

XX.

“ Nor let desire of Fame perplex thy thought—
Poor are the objects that Ambition seeks.
The applause of dunces is too dearly bought
By nerveless limbs, care-deaden'd eyes, and cheeks
Furrow'd before their time by aged streaks ;
And the true wisdom never stops to weigh
A shadowy Morrow with a real To-day.

XXI.

“Enjoy the present—gild the passing hour—
Nor drain the cup;—nor fill it to the brim;—
For us shall beauty open wide her bower,
And sparkling eyes in tender languor swim;
For us shall joy awake the jubilant hymn;
And round us gather every young delight
That wealth can buy, for taste, or touch, or sight.”

XXII.

“No, Basil, no—I pine for a belief;
I’m wearied with my doubts, and I would rest.
Long have I clutch’d, in bitterness and grief,
At all these phantoms, beautifully drest
In colours brighter than the rainbow’s vest.
No, my friend Basil—not in these I trust,
Begun in folly, ending in disgust.

XXIII.

“My soul, long darken’d, languishes for light—
And with an utterance labours night and day.
I see a vision dawning on my sight,
I hear a music faint and far away—
I hear a voice which says, ‘Not all of clay
Thy mortal being—raise thyself, O clod!
Look up, O Finite, Infinite in God.’

XXIV.

“ Oh that I could believe! oh, that my soul
 Could trust in something, and my weary mind
Burst all unfetter'd from the dull control
 Of doubt, that thinks it sees, but still is blind!
 That I could cling to some one of my kind—
Some gentle soul, whose love might be the ray
To lead me to belief, and brighten all the way.

XXV.

“ Faith shall be born of Love—oh, happy pair!
 Would ye but smile upon my darkening road,
No more my heart, imprison'd by despair,
 Should find its sympathies too great a load,
 Doubtful alike of self, of kind, of God.—
I will away from all this pomp and jar,
And commune with my soul in solitudes afar.”

* * * * *

THE FEAST OF THE DESPOTS.

I.

THERE were three monarchs fierce and strong,
Three despots old and hoar ;
They made a league to seize the earth,
And rule it evermore.

II.

From East to West, from North to South,
From utmost sea to sea,
They cast their yoke upon the world,
And measured it in three.

III.

The first was king of brutal hearts,
And from his gloomy den
Gave laws of cruelty and lust
To hordes of savage men.

IV.

A sleepy fierceness clothed his face,
And from his dull cold eye
There came a blight upon the earth—
A gloom upon the sky.

V.

The second was a haughty king,
His look appall'd the lands ;—
Gore-glotted was his iron heel,
Blood-sprinkled were his hands.

VI.

He made his throne of human skulls,
And all around his seat
Towns blazed, and hecatombs of men
Were slaughter'd at his feet.

VII.

The third was of a graver mien,
His looks were meek and staid,
But black and bitter was his heart,
And bitterest when he pray'd.

VIII.

He sent his emissaries forth
O'er all the earth abroad ;
And men were taught to curse mankind,
And hate, for love of God.

IX.

They spread the rack, they fired the stake,
They raised the gibbet high,
And with their sacrificial smoke
Obscured the summer sky.

X.

And these three met in pomp and pride
In Pandemonium deep,
To join their hands, renew their league,
And high rejoicing keep.

XI.

Hell's gorgeous palace glow'd with light,
And myriads came to see,
And rent the air with joyous shouts
To hail the mighty Three.

XII.

Amid the sound of shalms and drums,
And fierce artillery's roar,
First of the guests in power and state
Down rush'd impetuous WAR.

XIII.

He sprung upon his glittering throne,
And clasp'd his battle sword,
While nations quiver'd at his glance,
And own'd him mightiest Lord.

XIV.

INTOLERANCE, in his scarlet robes,
And dangling sleeves of lawn,
Drove his triumphal chariot down
By priests and flamens drawn.

XV.

And bending knees and solemn chant
And fear-impeded breath,
Proclaim'd the king, whose look was law,
Whose jealousy was death.

XVI.

And next came bloated IGNORANCE,
Who in his rumbling car,
With panting steeds and grating wheels
Came toiling from afar.

XVII.

Unwieldy, on his throne, he stepp'd,
While all the "rabble rout"
Received him with a joyous yell,
And mad incessant shout.

XVIII.

Hell made them welcome, one and all,
And its abysses rung,
Till cave to rock, and rock to cave
The startling echoes flung.

XIX.

The myriad lamps that gem for aye
Its adamantine dome,
Pour'd forth a flood of sparkling light
To hail the monarchs home.

XX.

And peoples' voice and clapping hands
And pealing organ swell,
And cymbal-sound and trumpet-blast
Made jubilee in hell.

XXI.

WAR rose exultant from his seat,
While round the applauses ran,
And pour'd a brimming cup, to drink
"THE MISERY OF MAN."

XXII.

They fill'd their goblets to the edge
With wine, as thick as gore,
And drank the toast with shouts of mirth
Repeated o'er and o'er.

XXIII.

And "Misery to man," they cried,
"And woe and hate and fear,
And empire evermore to us,
Who sit enthronéd here!"

XXIV.

"The earth was ours in times of yore,
It shall be ours to-day ;—
We'll share it out between us three,
And govern it for aye.

XXV.

"Ours be the blood of human kind,
Ours be the tears and groans—
The wail of millions steep'd in woe,
The homage to our thrones ;

XXVI.

"*Rejoice ! Rejoice ! the world is ours !*"
And hell, in all its lairs,
Repeated with a myriad tongues—
"*Rejoice ! the world is theirs !*"

XXVII.

But high above the festal din,
A sudden sound was heard—
A noise as of a mighty storm,
When earth and heaven are stirr'd.

XXVIII.

Then all was still—In dread suspense
The myriads held their breath—
And a loud voice, pervading space,
Pronounced their doom of death.

XXIX.

"Tyrants!" it said, "of human kind,
For ages drunk with gore,
Another era dawns for man—
The world is yours no more.

XXX.

"The film that hid, for ages long,
Your hideousness from sight,
Has fall'n from human eyes, that now
Behold a dawning light.

XXXI.

"In the refulgence of its beam
Your tott'ring thrones shall fall,
And men shall wonder that their hearts
Ere bow'd beneath your thrall.

XXXII.

"PEACE shall descend to bless the world,
And CHARITY shall smile,
And bounteous KNOWLEDGE pour her fruits
To ocean's furthest isle.

XXXIII.

"Though you have reign'd o'er human hearts
Since Time's primeval day,
Your hour is come, your doom pronounced,
Your empire pass'd away!"

XXXIV.

The voice was hush'd—the burning lights
Were hid in sudden cloud ;
The adamantine dome was rent—
The rocks and mountains bow'd.

XXXV.

And thunders roar'd, and lightnings flew,
And crags, uprooted, fell ;
WAR, struck with terror, hid his face,
And fear o'ershadow'd hell.

XXXVI.

INTOLERANCE shudder'd in his robes ;—
And at the awful sound,
Stark as he sat, dull IGNORANCE
Fell reeling to the ground.

XXXVII.

And grief and wailing, shrill and loud,
Through Pandemonium rang ;
While all the friends of man rejoiced,
And all the angels sang.

THE CRY OF THE PEOPLE.

I.

OUR backs are bow'd with the exceeding weight
Of toil and sorrow ; and our pallid faces
Shrivel before their time. Early and late
We labour in our old accustom'd places,
Beside our close and melancholy looms,
Or wither in the coal-seams dark and dreary,
Or breathe sick vapours in o'ercrowded rooms,
Or in the healthier fields dig till we weary,
And grow old men ere we have reach'd our prime,
With scarce a wish but death to ask of Time.

II.

For it is hard to labour night and day
With sleep-defrauded eyes and temples aching,
To earn the scanty crust, which fails to stay
The hunger of our little ones, that waking
Weep for their daily bread. 'Tis hard to see
The flow'rets of our household fade in sadness,
In the dank shadow of our misery.
'Tis hard to have no thought of human gladness,

But one engrossing agony for bread,
To haunt us at our toil, and in our bed.

III.

And many of us, worn with age and pain—
Old wither'd leaves of men, who, fading, cumber,
Long for that pleasant fosse, six feet by twain,
Impervious to all grief, where we may slumber.
And others of us, more unhappy still,
Youthful, warm-blooded, with a life to cherish,
Offer in vain our sinews and our skill
For starving recompense, and yet must perish
In our young days, and on a fruitful soil,
Because our food is dearer than our toil.

IV.

Oh, it is bitter-hard to roam the earth,
Aliens to joy, with sad thoughts overflowing,
To hear the young birds carol in their mirth,
To feel the sunshine, and the warm winds blowing,
To see the beauty in the fields and floods,
The plenty of the meadows, green or golden,
The fair full orchards redolent of buds,
And know that we, by a hard fate withholden,
Must keep our appetites aloof, nor dare
To taste the stores which happier birds may share.

V.

'Tis hard to know that the increase of wealth
Makes us no richer, gives us no reliance ;
And that while ease, and luxury, and health
Follow the footsteps of advancing science,
They shower no benefits on us, cast out
From the fair highways of the world, to wander
In dark paths darkly, groping still about,
And at each turn condemn'd to rest, and ponder
If living be the only aim of life—
Mere living, purchased by perpetual strife.

VI.

We rise in grief—in grief lie down again ;
And whither to turn for aid in our deep anguish
We know not—yet we feel that we are men,
Born to live out our days—and not to languish
As if we had no souls ; as if, stone-blind,
We knew not spring was fair ; and that the summer
Ripen'd the fruits of earth with influence kind ;
That harvest ought to be a welcome comer
To us and ours ; and that in Nature's face,
Were smiles of joy for all the human race.

VII.

We ask not much. We have no dread of toil ;—
Too happy we, if labour could provide us,

Even though we doubled all our sweat and toil,
Raiment and food—and shelt'ring roofs to hide us
From the damp air, and from the winter's cold ;—
If we could see our wives contented round us,
And to our arms our little children fold,
Nor fear that next day's hunger should confound us.
With joys like these, and one sweet day of rest,
We would complain no more, but labour, bless'd.

VIII.

But these we sigh for all our days in vain,
And find no remedy where'er we seek it ;—
Some of us, reckless, and grown mad with pain
And hungry vengeance, have broke loose to wreak it :—
Have made huge bonfires of the hoarded corn,
And died despairing. Some to foreign regions,
Hopeless of this, have sail'd away forlorn,
To find new homes and swear a new allegiance.
But we that stay'd behind had no relief,
No added corn, and no diminish'd grief.

IX.

And rich men kindly urge us to endure,
And they will send us clergymen to bless us ;
And lords who play at cricket with the poor,
Think they have cured all evils that oppress us.

And then we think endurance is a crime ;
That those who wait for justice never gain it ;
And that the multitudes are most sublime
When, rising arm'd, they combat to obtain it,
And dabbling in thick gore, as if 'twere dew,
Seek not alone their rights, but vengeance too.

X.

But these are evil thoughts ; for well we know,
From the sad history of all times and places,
That fire, and blood, and social overthrow,
Lead but to harder grinding of our faces
When all is over : so, from strife withdrawn,
We wait in patience through the night of sorrow,
And watch the far-off glimpses of the dawn
That shall assure us of a brighter morrow.
And meanwhile, from the overburden'd sod,
Our cry of anguish rises up to God.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I.

I LOVE to lie in leafy woods,
When summer days grow long,
To hear the fall
Of brooklets small,
Or blackbird's mellow song :
To watch the dapple clouds afloat,
And trace upon the sky,
In hues of light,
All golden bright,
A thousand castles high.
Stay, O Truth ! thy hand relentless,
And, I prithee, spare
My bowers of bliss so beautiful—
My castles in the air.

II.

In one abides unchanging Love ;—
No guile is on his tongue,
His heart is clear,
His vow sincere,
His passion ever young :
And care and penury and pain
Are powerless to destroy
His early heat,
Communion sweet,
And still recurring joy.
Smooth, O Truth ! thy brow majestic,
And in pity spare
My bower of Love so beautiful,
My castle in the air.

III.

True Friendship, in my sky-built halls,
Her presence has bestow'd ;
Each airy dome
Is Virtue's home,
And Honour's own abode ;
And there they flourish evermore,
And twine together still,
Though fortune blind,
And men unkind,
Conspire to work them ill.

Prithee, Truth, look down auspicious,
Stay thine hand, and spare
My bower, for Faith and Friendship built—
My castle in the air.

IV.

The statesmen, governors, and kings,
That in my mansions dwell,
Desire not pelf,
Nor think of self,
But love their country well.
They give to Merit just reward,
To Guilt befitting shame,
And shower on worth,
And not on birth,
The dignities of fame.
Truth, I prithee, stay thine anger,
And my buildings spare,
My bowers for Public Virtue built—
My castles in the air.

V.

Smile on them, Truth! behold how bright
They glitter in the skies,
Behold how proud,
O'er mist and cloud,
Their golden turrets rise.

But no ! thou frownest, and in vain
Thine angry looks I shun :
My castles tall
Down crumbling fall,
Like ice-drops in the sun,
Thou hast destroy'd my visions lovely,
All my mansions fair,
My bowers of bliss so beautiful—
My castles in the air.

A LOVER'S LOGIC.

I AM skill'd in magic lore,
And can tell thee, dearest maiden,
What the winds at evening say,
As amid the boughs they play ;—
What the river to its shore,
Softly whispers evermore
From its heart o'erladen.

I can tell thee how the moon
Breathes persuasion to the billows ;
What discourse the mountain makes
To its shadow-loving lakes ;
And, conceal'd in lonely nooks,
What the little devious brooks
Murmur to the willows.

“ Love thou me—for I love thee,”
Is the song they sing for ever.
At this moment I can hear
The responses ringing clear ;
And the very stars repeat
To the moon an answer sweet—
“ Love shall perish never.”

And if thus Earth, Sea, and Sky
Find a voice to sing their passion,
Should we fail, my dearest maid,
Wandering in this greenwood shade,
To repeat the same sweet song,
We should do their music wrong,
And be out of fashion.

HEAD AND HEART.

AN UNDECIDED DISPUTE.

SAID Head to Heart, "You lead me wrong :
The pulse of passion beats too strong.
You are the dupe of tears and sighs ;
You take the Judgment by surprise ;

" You melt at every sorrowing tale,
Let feeling o'er the will prevail ;
And still, by impulse led astray,
You draw me from the prudent way.

" When I would walk a steady pace—
Impetuous, you would run a race ;
And ere a doubtful case I've tried,
You've prompted Pity to decide.

" By bounds of reason unconfined,
No space your sympathies can bind;
For, wayward as a petted child,
You scorn restraint, and wander wild.

" I pray you, Heart, these freaks forbear :
They cause me shame, they breed me care ;
And I am blamed for going wrong,
And counted weak that you are strong."

Said Heart to Head, "You're cold and slow ;
You cast a damp on Feeling's glow ;
You are like water on the fire ;
You are a clog on my desire.

" You measure Passion by a rule,
You send the sympathies to school,
And, slave to logic and its laws,
You weigh, you ponder, and you pause.

" When I would prompt the pitying tear,
You purse the lip and look severe,
And quick to doubt and slow to grieve,
You lecture when you should relieve.

" Oh ! it is galling to be tied
To one so sluggish to decide,
Who chills me when I glow'd before,
And clings to earth when I would soar."

The silent contest lasted long,
I felt that both were right;—yet wrong.
" Strive," to my secret soul I said,
" To reconcile the Heart and Head.

" And let the Heart too warm and free,
Too sudden in its energy,
Pause for th' advice of cooler Tact,
And learn to think before it act.

" Let Head, too prone to reason still,
Even in extremity of ill,
Consent to play a warmer part,
Led by the dictates of the Heart."

TO PATRIC PARK, SCULPTOR.

GIVE me the man, laborious, bold, refined,
That with true faith clings fondly to his art,
And makes it of his life the better part :
Who, for its sake, to difficulties blind,
Would war with Fortune if she proved unkind ;
And with the brush, the chisel, or the pen,
Create new Beauty for the souls of men,
Labouring through good and ill with tranquil mind.
Such art *thou*, Patric ; and a coming time
Will do thee justice at the fitting hour,
And find a voice to celebrate thy fame.
Work, then, thy fancies, graceful or sublime,
And rival, strong in consciousness of power,
Canova's or serene Thorwaldsen's name.

A CANDID WOOING.

I.

I CANNOT give thee all my heart,

Lady, lady—

My faith and country claim a part,

My sweet lady.

But yet I'll pledge thee word of mine

That all the rest is truly thine ;—

The raving passion of a boy,

Warm though it be, will quickly cloy—

Confide thou, rather in the man

Who vows to love thee all he can,

My sweet lady.

Affection, founded on respect,

Lady, lady,

Can never dwindle to neglect,

My sweet lady.

And while thy gentle virtues live

Such is the love that I will give.

The torrent leaves its channel dry,
The brook runs on incessantly ;—
The storm of passion lasts a day,
But deep true love endures away,
My sweet lady.

Accept then a divided heart,
Lady, lady,
Faith, Friendship, Honour, each have part,
My sweet lady.

While at one altar we adore,
Faith shall but make us love the more ;
And *Friendship*, true to all beside,
Will ne'er be fickle to a bride ;
And *Honour*, based on manly truth,
Shall love in age as well as youth,
My sweet lady.

LOST AND WON.

I.

An idler on the shady sward extended,
Lay listless on a summer's afternoon :
Thick boughs and numerous leaves above him blended
Into an arch, through which the beams were strewn
Upon the grass, like ripples on a river ;
There was a sleepy loveliness around,
The quiet winds scarce caused the leaves to quiver,
And vagrant bees flew by, with drowsy sound.

II.

Too full of life for sleep—too calm for waking,
The place seem'd fit for dreamer such as he,
Who worldly thoughts and haunts of men forsaking,
Resign'd himself to lazy luxury.

His thoughts were shapeless as the winds, and wander'd
Afar in cloud-land, void of all intent ;
His eyes now closed as if on self he ponder'd,
Now open to the leaves and firmament.

III.

Waking or sleeping—or if day or morrow
He knew not—but he saw seven ladies fair
Beside him, with pale cheeks and looks of sorrow,
And tearful eyes and long dishevell'd hair :
He knew them, and a deep remorse came o'er him,
A shame of self that he had done them wrong ;
While with reproachful looks they stood before him,
And one broke forth into this mournful song.

IV.

“ Listen,” she said, “ and hear the wrong thou’st done
us,
And the false deeds thou’st wrought against thy soul ;
The summer winds shall breathe no more upon us,
We’re gone—our place is fill’d—we’ve reach’d the
goal.
Our melancholy faces look not sunward,
But back in shadow ; and oh ! never more
Can we return to thee to help thee onward,
And bring thee gladness as we brought before.

V.

“ We stay’d with thee long time, with power to aid
thee,

Hadst thou but struggled with an earnest mind ;
To do such noble deeds as might have made thee
Stand in the foremost ranks of human kind.

We could have fill’d thy cup to overflowing,
If worldly Wealth found favour in thy sight ;
If Fame inspired, we could have led thee glowing
Up the steep summit, to her topmost height.

VI.

“ If Love of Knowledge fired thee to pursue her,
We could have help’d thee to her courts to climb—
Smooth’d the rough pathway—lent thee words to woo
her,

And turn’d the pages of her book sublime.
If to be virtuous were thy sole ambition,
We, day by day, had taught thee to excel ;
ed thee to raise the wretched from perdition,
And brought their blessings to reward thee well.

VII.

“ All this, and more, if thou hadst duly prized us,
For thee, life-waster, could our aid have done ;
But thou hast scorn’d, neglected, and despised us,
And we are powerless, and our course is run.

We are but shadows, pallid and regretful,
To whom no future can a form restore ;
And bearing with us, from thy soul forgetful,
The fair occasions that return no more."

VIII.

Thus as she spake, his face in shame he cover'd,
And when he look'd again, he was alone.
" Departed years, whose memory round me hover'd,
For all the Past the Future shall atone."
He said—and rising, cast away for ever
The philosophic sloth that bound his soul,
Mix'd with mankind, and, strong with wise endeavour,
Toil'd up the hill of Fame, and reach'd the goal.

THE COMING TIME.

"What shall I do to be for ever known?
And make the age to come mine own."—COWLEY.

WHAT thou shalt do to be for ever known?
Poet or statesman—look with steadfast gaze,
And see yon giant *Shadow* 'mid the haze,
Far off, but coming. Listen to the moan
That sinks and swells in fitful under-tone,
And lend it words, and give the shadow form;—
And see the *Light*, now pale and dimly shown,
That yet shall beam resplendent after storm.
Preach thou their coming, if thy soul aspire
To be the foremost in the ranks of fame;—
Prepare the way, with hand that will not tire,
And tongue unfaltering, and o'er earth proclaim
The *Shadow*, the ROUSED MULTITUDE;—the *Cry*,
"JUSTICE FOR ALL!"—the *Light*, TRUE LIBERTY.

GOOD-NIGHT.

HUSH, Nature ! let no jarring sound
The drowsy air encumber,
While she, the fairest of thy works,
Is sinking into slumber.
Be silent, earth ! ye winds, be still—
Let nought from sleep alarm her ;
Nor midnight storm, nor sudden fire,
Nor prowling robber harm her.

Good-night ! and be her pleasant rest
Unbroken till the morrow ;
May all her visions, like herself,
Be sweet, and void of sorrow :
Good-night ! and o'er her silent couch
While darkness spreads her cover,
May guardian angels watch and pray,
And bless her as they hover.

GOOD-MORROW.

SHINE brightly through her casement, sun ;
Thou gale, soft odours bring her ;
Ye birds that hail the dawning day,
Your sweetest music sing her ;
Smile, Nature, on her, as she wakes,
And hide all sights of sorrow ;
And have no sounds but those of joy
To bid my love—good-morrow !

Good-morrow to those lustrous eyes,
With bright good-humour beaming.
Good-morrow to those ruddy lips,
Where smiles are ever teeming.
Good-morrow to that happy face,
Undimm'd by cloud of sorrow.
Good-morrow, heart that clings to mine—
Good-morrow, love, good-morrow !

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

WHEN at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,
Remember, though abuse is vile,
That use may be divine :
That Heaven, in kindness, gave the grape
To cheer both great and small—
That little fools will drink too much,
But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours
You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart
That you may make your own :—
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And think, when pleasures pall—
That little fools will love too much,
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
Absolve poor human kind,
Nor rail against your fellow man
With malice in your mind ;
But in your daily intercourse,
Remember lest you fall—
That little fools confide too much,
But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe be trustful still ;
And in the deepest care
Be bold and resolute, and shun
The coward foe Despair.
Let work and hope go hand in hand ;
And know, whate'er befall—
That little fools may hope too much,
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same—
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame ;
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer.
So shall your bliss not pall—
For little fools enjoy too much,
But great ones not at all.

A SONG, AFTER A TOAST.

IF he, to whom this toast we drink,
Has brought the needy to his door,
Or raised the wretch from ruin's brink
From the abundance of his store :
If he has sooth'd the mourner's woe,
Or help'd young merit into fame,
This night our cups shall overflow
In honour of his name.

If he be poor, and yet has striven
To ease the load of human care ;
If to the famish'd he has given
One loaf that it was hard to spare ;
If in his poverty erect,
He never did one deed of shame,
Fill high ! we'll drain in deep respect
A bumper to his name.

But rich or poor—if still his plan
Has been to play an honest part,
If he ne'er fail'd his word to man,
Or broke a trusting woman's heart ;
If Emulation fire his soul
To snatch the meed of virtuous fame,
Fill high ! we'll drain a flowing bowl
In honour of his name.

ON MR BAILY'S STATUE

OF "EVE LISTENING TO THE VOICE," IN THE EXHIBITION
OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—1841.

ELOQUENT marble! can it be

That thou art cold and senseless ever?

There seems a soul beneath thine eyes;

Thy ripen'd lips, that gently sever,

Appear to whisper as we gaze;—

Life seems to start in every feature,

To throb in every rounded limb,

As if thou wert a breathing creature;

And beauty, innocence, and grace,

Pervade thy form and light thy face.

Bewitching stone! were Envy dead,

Pygmalion's self might kneel before thee—

Might gaze with wonder on thy form,

And with a passionate love adore thee.

Cover thy beauties with a veil—

Yet no, thou'rt pure as man's first mother ;—
So chastely warm—so innocent,

Thy beauties vie with one another,
We turn away the ravish'd sight,
And mingle reverence with delight.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

I.

METHOUGHT on the Ægean sand

I saw a mighty spirit stand ;—

Clad in his majesty alone,

His large fair brow seem'd Wisdom's throne,

And from his face a glory shone.

II.

Another spirit great as he,

Stood by the far-off Northern sea ;

Erect his port, sublime his air ;

Restless he seem'd, and full of care,

But godlike, and divinely fair.

III.

And though between them, as they stood,
All Europe stretch'd its plenitude
Of populous lands ; and mountains cold
Raised their bare peaks, and oceans roll'd,
Each could the other's face behold.

IV.

Each could with each hold converse high,
And mingle voices in the sky ;
Sounding far off, not loud, but clear
Upon my senses, fill'd with fear,
As from some interlunar sphere.

V.

" Men," said the first, " inspired by thee,
Talk of their high philosophy ;
Their skill, their science, and their laws ;
Their tracing of effect to cause ;
Their arts that win the world's applause ;

VI.

" Their happy progress evermore,
From good to better than before ;
Their new discoveries sublime ;
Their knowledge spread from clime to clime ;
Their triumphs over space and time.

VII.

“ They vaunt their manners pure and mild,
And their religion undefiled ;
While all the good that I have wrought
Is banish’d from their daily thought,
Or, if remember’d, set at nought.

VIII.

“ Vain of their progress, they, condemn
All arts that have not sprung from them ;
And, swoll’n with pride, they cannot see
If I were not, thou could’st not be,
And that the fruit proclaims the tree.”

IX.

“ Nay !” said the second ; “ ’tis not so ;
They give the reverence which they owe :
Thy memories are the theme of schools—
Thy maxims are their daily rules ;
And none despise thee but the fools.

X.

“ They own with wonder and with awe
Thine ancient wisdom as their law ;
And that thy glories still inspire
The sweetest music of the lyre,
And steep its chords in heavenly fire.

K

XI.

“ That all the arts which most refine,
And make humanity divine,
Were caught from thee ; and that the page
Which tells thy deeds from age to age,
Is of itself an heritage.

XII.

“ That an immortal beauty girds
Thy form, and sanctifies thy words ;
And that thy very name can raise
Visions that fill us with amaze,
From the abyss of former days.

XIII.

“ That mighty glimpses of the truth
Flash'd in the fancies of thy youth ;
And that thy errors, darkly bright,
Were not all error, even in sight
Of those who know a purer light.

XIV.

“ All this they see, but cannot own
Thou wert perfection overthrown ;
Or that as Time, with onward pace,
Removed old systems from their place,
Thou wert the best for every race.

XV.

Or own it right that for the few
The toil of millions should be due—
And that the multitudes of man,
Mere serfs and helots in thy plan,
Should groan for ever under ban.

XVI.

“ That thou should'st grind them at thy will,
And at thy pleasure maim or kill ;
Or make them build thy columns high,
Or pyramids to dare the sky ;
Or force them in thy broils to die.

XVII.

“ They know, though beauteous and refined,
Thou wert a scourge to human kind ;
And they rejoice thy power has past,
And that the time has come at last
When chains must fall, however fast ;

XVIII.

“ And when the many, wearied long,
Borne down by tyranny and wrong,
May lift their heads and look around,
Proud of the knowledge lately found,
They are not serfs upon the ground ;

XIX.

“ But freemen, heritors by birth
Of the enjoyments of the earth ;
Free not alone to till the soil,
But to partake the fruits of toil—
The corn, the vintage, and the oil ;

XX.

“ Free not alone, as Nature meant,
To live their life, and die content ;
But free to teach, and to be taught,
To read the Book with wisdom fraught,
To think—and interchange their thought.”

XXI.

“ Ay,” said the first, “ ’tis brightly drawn—
Thou’st made a noontide of the dawn ;
For wheresoe’er I turn mine eyes
I see a crowd of agonies :—
I hear the murmurs that arise.

XXII.

“ Though great thy triumphs, greater still
The aggregate of human ill ;—
And narrow, narrow is the span
On which, to bless the sons of man,
The tide of effort ever ran.

XXIII.

“Look round the nations and compare—
Examine, that thou may'st declare
What vast improvement has begun,
And what two thousand years have done
For those that toil beneath the sun.

XXIV.

“The people grovell'd in my prime—
They grovel in thy happier time ;
And suff'ring then—they suffer now :
And if I left them slaves, hast thou
Imprinted freedom on their brow ?

XXV.

“Hast thou given virtue to the base,
Or flash'd thy knowledge in their face ?
Hast thou convey'd to ev'ry shore
The tidings thy Messiah bore,
That Peace should reign for evermore ?

XXVI.

“Hast thou, ev'n in the lands most bless'd
With thy Refinement, done thy best
To ease the ills thou canst not cure,
To teach the wretched to endure,
And shower thy blessings on the poor ?”

XXVII.

"I am but young," the Spirit said ;
"But yesterday I raised my head,
And late began to understand—
A mere new-comer in the land—
What was expected at my hand.

XXVIII.

"The mission unfulfill'd by thee
Has gained some impetus from me ;
And every triumph of thy mind,
Not unforgotten for mankind,
Has been led further and refined.

XXIX.

"Though narrow yet the sphere of thought,
It has been widen'd since I wrought ;
And every seed that thou hast sown
For human benefit, has grown,
And larger leaves and branches thrown,

XXX.

"Beneath my care. And though dark night
May spread a veil o'er human sight,
I see far off the dawning ray :
I labour to prepare the way,
And watch the coming of the day."

XXXI.

And as the Spirit spoke, his eyes
Flash'd heavenly fire—and to the skies
Pointing his hand, he turn'd to me,
And said—"Thou dreamer, wake and see
The Paradise that earth might be!"

XXXII.

As one upon a mountain-top
Standing alone, whom mists enwrap
So densely, that he seeks in vain
Amid the cloud of sleet and rain
To see the wonders of the plain,

XXXIII.

Shouts when he sees the cloud dispersed,
And in full glory, at one burst,
A world disclosed—hill, valley, town
Glittering in sunlight miles adown—
River and lake and highlands brown ;—

XXXIV.

So I, in ecstasy and awe,
Look'd up believing, and I saw
That from mine eyes a mist was roll'd,
That heaven was bright as burnish'd gold,
And Earth had visions to unfold.

XXXV.

I saw the world before me pass ;—
As in some great magician's glass
The adept sees phantasmas, dim
To all men else, but clear to him,
As in the light and shade they swim ;—

XXXVI.

So I beheld the mighty Earth
Rolling through ether ;—all its girth
Exhaling glory. O'er my sight
Flow'd the full tide of heavenly light,
Until the view seem'd infinite.

XXXVII.

All happy were its populous lands ;
Therein no man with willing hands
Needed to pine for want of bread ;
For the full banquet that was spread
Allow'd all creatures to be fed.

XXXVII.

And toil, a burden borne by man
In sorrow since the world began,
No more his tender bones oppress'd
Until supremest joy was rest,
Or bow'd his head upon his breast.

XXXIX.

But iron servants wrought his will,—
Great engines fashion'd by his skill
For every art—to spin—to coil—
To delve the mine, to till the soil,—
And free the human race from toil.

XL.

And not alone by vapour driven,
But by the storms and calms of heaven—
By winds, however they might blow,
And by the tides in ebb or flow,
The mighty wheels went to and fro.

XLI.

The nearest and remotest lands
Were foes no more, but join'd their hands
For mutual happiness and peace ;
And bade their old dissensions cease,
That they might flourish and increase.

XLII.

Too wise for bloodshed, War no more
Made demons of them as before ;
Religion sow'd no poison-seed—
None wish'd his neighbour evil speed,
Or bore him malice for his creed.

XLIII.

But as I look'd with tearful eyes—
Tears sprung of joys and sympathies—
The colours of my vision grew
Many in one ; and hue with hue
Was blent, and faded from my view.

XLIV.

And a still voice said to my heart—
“ Though but a dream thou see'st depart,
And great the load of actual ill,
Hope in thy waking—labour still—
Deeds are fruition of the will.

XLV.

“ The smallest effort is not lost ;—
Each wavelet on the ocean tost
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow ;
Each rain-drop makes some floweret blow ;
Each struggle lessens human woe.”

NOTES.

THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL.—Page 1.

THE old Norse kings when about to die, had their body laid into a ship; the ship sent forth with sails set, and slow fire burning in it, that, once out at sea, it might blaze up in flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old hero, at once in the sky and in the ocean.—*Carlyle's Hero Worship*.

THE COUNTING OF THE ISLES.—Page 14.

The legend here related was long believed in the Isles; but I have not been able to turn to an authority for it in print. The common version, however, states, that the Saint, upon this annual excursion, takes his stand upon the walls of the ruined cathedral, and makes no mention of the ghostly company introduced into the ballad. In Anderson's interesting and valuable Guide to the Highlands, another legend of this holy isle is given as follows:—"Besides the veneration of the place, a prophecy was currently handed about, that seven years before the end of the world a deluge shall drown the nations; the sea at one tide shall cover Ireland and the green-headed Isla, but Columba's isle shall swim above the flood."

LORD NITHSDALE'S DREAM IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.—Page 36.

In the notes to Cromeck's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, will be found the full particulars of his Lordship's escape, narrated in the simple and touching language of his noble-hearted wife in a letter to her sister. It is needless to copy from a book so well known—and the narrative is moreover of such length as to prevent its repetition here.

EVE OF FLODDEN.—Page 45.

Many legends are told of this disastrous battle. The following is extracted from the *Scottish Tourist*:—"In the Church of Linlithgow is shown the aisle where an apparition burst upon the sight of James IV., to warn him against the expedition, and which, as Lindsay of Pitscottie relates, as soon as it had delivered its message, 'vanished like a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind.' When the invading army was encamped upon the Boroughmuir, numberless midnight apparitions did squeak and gibber upon the streets of Edinburgh, threatening woe to the kingdom; and there was a spectral procession of heralds, who advanced to the Cross, and summoned the king and a long list of the nobility to their final doom."

THE KELPIE OF CORRYVRECKAN.—Page 56.

A portion of this ballad bears a resemblance to the Danish ballad of the *Wild Waterman*—a translation of which has been made into German by Goethe; and of which I published an English version in the *Monthly Magazine* when under the editorship of Mr J. A. Heraud. The story as now told is a common one in the Isles; and in fact among all the northern nations of Europe. In *Tait's Magazine* for December 1843, it is thus related among the recollections of a Tour in the Hebrides, made about forty years previously by Mr John Morrison, an architect and land-surveyor, and a friend of Sir Walter Scott:—"It was now too late for gaining Iona, so we landed in Mull, and were received at the house of a clergyman: a most hospitable gentleman, with a numerous family of daughters. After tea, we were entertained by the young ladies with some excellent ghost stories: the scene of one of which was not fifty yards from where we were sitting. A young lady, the beauty of the country, was about to be married, and with her betrothed, and many friends, was making merry on the green, when a handsome youth on horseback made his appearance, and at once rode up and whispered in the bride's ear; on which she sprang up behind him, and they galloped off like the wind, and were never seen or heard of more except on the anniversary of their flight, when the

horse, with his riders, is seen galloping round the green. The young lady is said to have been very proud and fickle, and her lover some air or water spirit, and she was thus punished, so that the tale is not without a moral. We sat up late after supper, and were entertained by other tales of the same kind: one of a mermaid who carried away a young man, and kept him for seven years in a palace studded with precious stones. She allowed him to come to land and visit his friends, who could see no symptoms of approaching age; indeed, he himself thought that he had been absent a day only. He, however, declined to return, and removed more inland. The mermaid was often heard lamenting on the shore, and singing a mournful ditty, which, with its original tune, was sung by a young lady of the company."

THE PLANTING OF THE ACORNS—DARNAWAY FOREST.—Page 78.

The following account of the oak plantations of Darnaway Forest, from the Highland Note-Book by Robert Carruthers, (page 172,) will be interesting. "From the year 1767 to 1810, Francis tenth Earl of Moray planted the following trees: Oaks planted, 1,114,260: Ash, Elm, Beech, &c., 727,290: Scotch Fir, 10,346,000:—forming a total of trees planted in forty-three years, of 12,187,550. The present forester has, since the spring of 1829, planted of oaks above 491,000. The situation of the forest is from one hundred to five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the climate is admirable. The soil is peculiarly adapted to the growth of the oak, of which the abundance of ferns it produces is a sure index."

THE LADY OF DUART'S VENGEANCE.—Page 97.

The Florida, one of the Invincible Armada, was sunk at Tobermory by an emissary of Queen Elizabeth. This vessel is supposed to have contained a great deal of specie. The country tradition concerning it is, that a daughter of the King of Spain having dreamed that a young man of particularly engaging figure had appeared to her, determined to sail the wide world in search of the living prototype of the vision; Maclean of Duart realizes in the princess's eyes the creations of her fancy.

The wife of Maclean became jealous of his attentions to the fair stranger, and sought counsel of the Witches of Mull, by whose agency the vessel was sunk with the object of her resentment.—*Anderson's Guide to the Highlands.*

THE FOUNDING OF THE BELL.—Page 123.

This ballad was written—to be afterwards set to music by Mr Russell—with the full knowledge that the ground had been in a manner pre-occupied; and that Schiller had on a similar subject written one of his most popular pieces. It so happened, however, that, although acquainted with German literature, I had not read the Lay of the Bell; and I determined to follow my own fancy without reference to that poem—which I resolved not to read until after I had completed the song upon the subject which Mr Russell desired. Had I been of the mind to read Schiller's beautiful composition first, it is possible, and indeed most probable, that I should not have attempted even a song upon a subject all but identical. It was written, however—Mr Russell adapted it to music, and sang it—and it was spread through the land by his efforts and by those of the music publishers; and was also published in Blackwood's Magazine and in various newspapers; and having acquired by this means a considerable share of popularity, I resolved to include it in this collection.

THE END.

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THE SALAMANDRINE ;
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AUTHOR OF THE "HOPE OF THE WORLD," "LEGENDS OF THE ISLES," &c.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THIS is a charming poem, on a most poetical subject. The author of the "Hope of the World" has added another gem to the crown which fancy and taste have bestowed on him.—*Morning Herald*.

Nothing can be more graceful than the manner in which Mr Mackay has versified this fanciful legend, or more apposite than the imagery with which he has surrounded it. He exhibits the true earnestness and sensibility of the poet, and will find more readers and admirers of his "Salamandrine," than, judging from his preface, he seems to calculate on.—*Sun*.

We have seldom read a poem more unpretending in its style, and yet so beautifully and exquisitely conceived. The seven cantos into which it is divided, abound with passages that breathe the very soul of poetry. We take leave of this delightful work, hoping that Mr Mackay may soon again appear with an offering of his genius, to elevate the character of the poetic literature of the present age.—*Dublin Evening Post*.

We are acquainted with no production of our time more richly imbued with the true poetic spirit—more eminently distinguished by the sweetness of simplicity—by the tenderest pathos—by an exceeding

delicacy and purity of thought, feeling, and expression. Penetrating the inmost recesses of the heart, it forcibly reminds us, in many passages, of one of the most exquisite poems in our language—Coleridge's "Genevieve." Amethysta, the heroine, is amongst the loveliest of poetical creations; and never once, from the commencement to the close, does our anxiety for her fate experience languor or cessation.—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

The characteristics of the "Salamandrine" may be mentioned as, beauty of description—picturesqueness of effect—simplicity and pathos—the utmost delicacy of thought, feeling, and expression—a purity of sentiment approaching the angelic.—*Court Journal*.

Had we not seen the "Undine," we should pronounce the "Salamandrine" the most beautiful example of this species of fiction; we have little hesitation in saying that it is second only to that matchless production.—*The Tablet*.

As a poem, containing passages of rare and exquisite beauty, in many a varied strain, from the bold, pompous, and majestic, to the gentle, passionless, and slow, with here and there a burst of eloquent thought—it must be read, admired, and eulogised; but as the bearer of a high moral lesson, against a vice too prevalent among mankind, it is of more than ordinary interest.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

If we may judge from the effect it had upon ourselves, no poem has issued from the press of late years equal to this; the perusal of it so kindled our fancy, and warmed our feelings, as to call to memory those states of mind which the reading of Southey, Campbell, Scott, and Byron produced, "when our bosoms were young." The whole phantasm is under the guidance of an enlightened mind; and the beautiful is magically blended with the wild and fantastic.—*Mirror*.

It abounds in passages most "musical, most melancholy," and affords throughout evidence of the possession by its author of very high poetic talent. The "Salamandrine" is a beautiful little tale, worthy of association with "Undine."—*United Service Gazette*.

In the versification of this poem, Mr Mackay has been extremely felicitous. It floods along like music—now rising, now falling—sometimes subsiding into mournful tones, and sometimes breaking out into the most joyous exultation. There is more variety in it, also, than in any thing he has hitherto produced—a higher strain of fancy—and infinitely greater facility of execution. The subject will insure it that popularity which its merits richly deserve.—*Atlas*.

"The Salamandrine" is the pleasantest legend we have read since the "Ancient Mariner."—*Churchman*.

The author of this poem is already favourably known as one of the few gentle spirits who are destined to redeem our age from the stigma of being utterly prosaic. It is likely to be more popular than any of his previous pieces. The story is fanciful; but the moral it points is full of deep meaning, and the language in which it is conveyed is highly poetical. Sincerely and heartily do we wish Mr Mackay success in his favourite walk.—*Aberdeen Herald*.

We have seldom experienced so strong a feeling of intense pleasure, as that which has been communicated to us by the perusal of this exquisite poem of Mr C. Mackay's. We frankly confess that we thought the time had passed away with us, when poetry would excite such feelings of admiration in our mind. We believed that, with the death of Byron, our taste had become dulled. Mr Mackay has convinced us of our error; for in the "Salamandrine" he has brought forth a poem worthy of the master-spirits of the bygone days—one which any one

of those we have named would be proud to claim as his own, and must consider it as an additional honour to have written.—*Bell's New Weekly Messenger*.

In this delightful little volume, Mr Mackay has furnished us with the sweetest and most pleasing tale in poetry which has been given to the marvel-loving and novel-reading public for some years.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

From these extracts our readers may be able to form some notion of the wild and sweet tale of the "Salamandrine"—a poem of which it is high praise to say, that, in beauty and tenderness of fancy, it often reminds us of Coleridge's "Christabel." Like all the author's poetry, the sentiment it inculcates is pure and holy; and the guise in which the lesson is conveyed is a gentle and truthful tale.—*Inverness Courier*.

We cannot speak too highly of the manner in which Mr Mackay has treated his subject. He really has produced a very beautiful poem. His style is simple—the simplicity of nature. His versification is exceedingly smooth and melodious—in its metre full of variety, adapting itself to convey the impressions the author desired to create. The imagery of the poem is very chaste; there is nothing elaborate or even ornate about it—the sentiments are suitable, and all blend together harmoniously, in keeping with the design of the author, and with the wild and fanciful machinery by which he has worked it out. Seldom in these days have we read a poem with greater pleasure—one that has charmed us more than the "Salamandrine."—*Dublin Monitor*.

We have not for some time enjoyed a purer or more real pleasure than the perusal of this charming tale has afforded us. It is told in a quaint and uneven verse, composed of the English ballad and the Norman lay, mingled occasionally with a more classic irregularity, that combine into a very animated and vigorous, but also somewhat rough, and we may add a rugged, measure; but there is a singular propriety in its metrical diversities, for they change ever with the subject, and echo its meaning with sense like sounds.—*The True Tablet*.

This poem, though supernatural, appeals to the common human sympathies, and its general characteristic is a sweet wild simplicity. Personages, events, versification, are in exquisite harmony, and form a whole of extreme beauty. The characters are simple, and we may so speak, elementary, like those we meet with in the old Romances, and free from the complicated peculiarities of thought and sentiment so frequent in modern compositions. The incidents are well conceived, following each other in natural order, and presenting to the eye a series of vivid and striking pictures. The versification is melodious in the extreme, and finely adapted to the varied tones of feeling in the narrative. It is the ballad metre, naturally full of grace and variety, and in Mr Mackay's hands peculiarly animated and graceful. It is full of irregularities as to the length of the lines and the arrangement of the rhyme; but the variances are never from neglect or want of power—they are necessary parts of richer music than regularity could produce, and are employed with singular care and success.—*Morning Chronicle*.

There is much to please, very much to interest, in this very clever poem. The story is admirably told, with closeness, point, and vigour. It has real tenderness, some happy and strenuous music in its verse, and is the work of a man of thought and fancy, who will hereafter make better and more effective use of both.—*London Examiner*.

There is a wild and poetical originality in this production, which af-

fords a favourable display of the author's imaginative and descriptive powers. The opening and conduct of the story are marked by talent of a superior order; and the interest attached to the heroine daughter of the Flame, Amethysta, and her brother Porphyry, never fails. The mortal hero, Sir Gilbert, in his various fortunes and misfortunes, is also forcibly portrayed.—*Literary Gazette*.

Of Mr Mackay's graceful fancy and command over the varieties of lyrical metre, the readers of this journal have had more than one opportunity of judging:—they know him, too, as skilful among the modern Romancers. Here he displays his attributes in combination, and "Love and Immortality" ought to sustain, if it do not increase, the reputation he has already gained.—*Athenaeum*.

Whether in regard to its fine moral influence in chaining the mind to the wholesome contemplation of the immortality of the human soul, to the masterly flashes of poetic thought, married to measures, if occasionally fantastic only the more truly echoing the sense,—or to the, at other times, soft, fluent, and chaste versification, that reminds one alternately of Goldsmith, Rogers, and Campbell—we cannot hesitate to conclude, that this effort of Mr Mackay entitles him to a high place among the gifted sons of song.—*Ayr Advertiser*.

We trust there are but few of our readers unacquainted with the compositions of Mr Charles Mackay—with the glorious and Christian Poem, "The Hope of the World"—with the charming romance, "Longbeard of London," or those exquisite sonnets and ballads, that, with the profusion of genius, he casts forth almost daily upon the world, and that are to be found circulating in every paper, and sung in every society. To those who know the compositions of Charles Mackay, his poem of the "Salamandrine" can excite no surprise; but to the few who have known him not, this attractive and entrancing production is destined to excite emotions of the purest and most pleasurable description.—*The World of Fashion*.

We shall be strangely disappointed if we have failed to produce an impression on the minds of those who, like ourselves, have studied this poem, similar to that which has been formed in our own, that Mr Mackay is a fine original poet.—*Churchman*.

Having given but a feeble outline of this beautiful poem, we may observe for the benefit of the less imaginative reader, that notwithstanding its preternatural agencies, the Salamandrine embodies a deep human interest, and an impressive moral.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

The spirit of poetry has not yet departed from our land. Above the crowd of vain aspirants to poetic distinction, some few there are who rise to a proud pre-eminence, and throw a shade over their less gifted competitors. We have no hesitation in assigning Mr Mackay a place among this favoured few. We had received flattering reports of his "Hope of the World," and were prepared to look with favour on the "Salamandrine;" it has fully equalled our expectations.—*Richardson's General Advertiser*.

This exquisitely beautiful poem deserves to be ranked among the happiest effusions of the British Muse, whether we consider the purity of its diction, the music of its cadences, or the splendour of its imagery. The subject is felicitously chosen, and offers ample scope for the wildest flights of a soaring imagination. It is a romantic drama in its construction, teaching a noble lesson of philosophy, purified and sublimed by the holiest aspirations after immortality.—*Manchester Times*.

This poem possesses all the simplicity of the ancient ballad, the various and irregular metre of which gives life and unfailing interest to

every page. The version is extremely sweet and graceful; and in those days when the measure of the popular poetry comes round upon our ears with as mechanical an evenness as from the barrel of a street organ, an author who breaks into the prevailing monotony, and reminds us that there may be melody in occasional irregularity of rhyme and rhythm, renders a service to his art.—*The Lancaster Guardian*.

Mr Mackay's versification is smooth, flowing, and graceful. The poem abounds in passages of much sweetness and tenderness, by which it is chiefly characterized. The descriptive portions are full of truth and delicate beauty. There is moreover a lightness, an airiness, and indefinable gracefulness about the whole, which are singularly attractive, and harmonize well with the subject.—*The Inquirer*.

In these prosaic times, it is refreshing to the spirit to meet with true poetry, and however small the streamlet of song, we walk along its banks, wrapt in the murmur of its music, and are willingly lost for the moment to the vulgar noises of the outward world. A feeling of this kind must be evident to all those who read the exquisite little volume whose name heads this notice for its true poetry. Praise to the gods, the voice of song, though often unheard of later days in this land, has never been silent, and here is a proof of it—this welling out of the primeval spring of poetry, whose sound enraptures every auditor. Metaphor, however, apart, the "Salamandrine" is certainly the most graceful, the most elegant, the most delightful, and the most poetic production of its class that has appeared since the days of Keats, and Coleridge, and Southey; and Mr Mackay is perhaps the only true legitimate successor of those poets at present in existence.—*Observer*.

This is metal of the right sort, and has the image and superscription of Apollo legibly upon it.—*Glasgow Citizen*.

Contributing not a little to the powerful effect of this story alone, with general power in the narrative, is Mr Mackay's well-known charm of original and beautiful expression. There is a perpetual flow of sweet ringing melody, which dwells as pleasure in the memory, even after the substance of the story has departed, just as the voice of a first-rate singer may be recalled long after all remembrance or connexion in the melody has ceased, nay even though that connexion may never have been properly understood.—*Edinburgh Witness*.

This poem is more than worthy of the distinction which it has gained by reaching a second edition. It is long since we have received from the perusal of any new volume of poetry so much delight as this has afforded us. Mr Mackay is possessed of a fine vein of fancy, and his verses, almost always graceful, and occasionally showing much spirit, are distinguished throughout by great tenderness and simplicity. Here and there we meet with a flat passage or an ungainly couplet, and sometimes we think that we catch an echo from Coleridge or from Scott; but these are trifling defects, and scarcely detract from the great merit of the book. As a whole, we trust that the author will not suffer the poetic talent with which he is endowed, to lie dormant.—*Glasgow Constitutional*.

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